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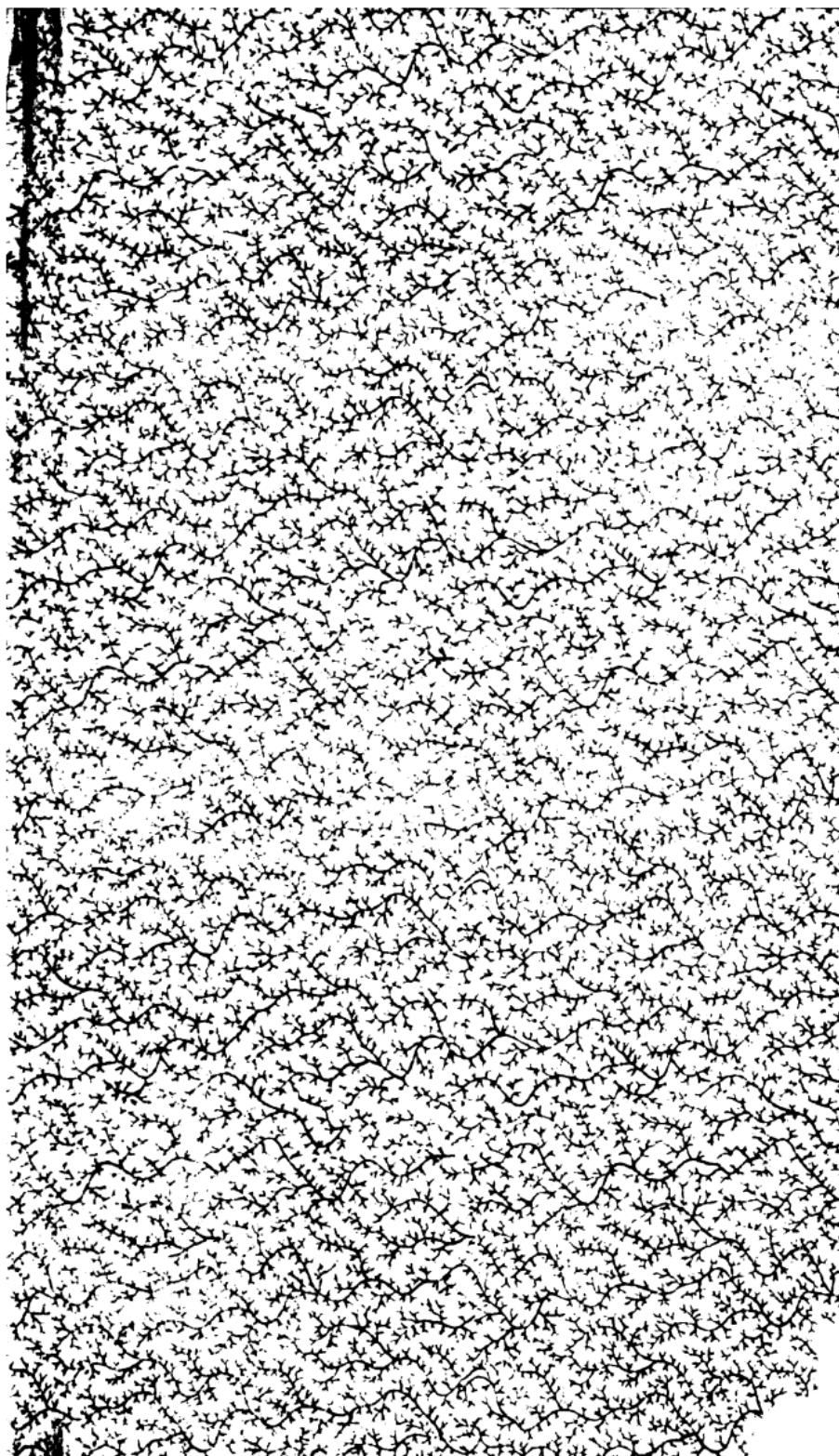
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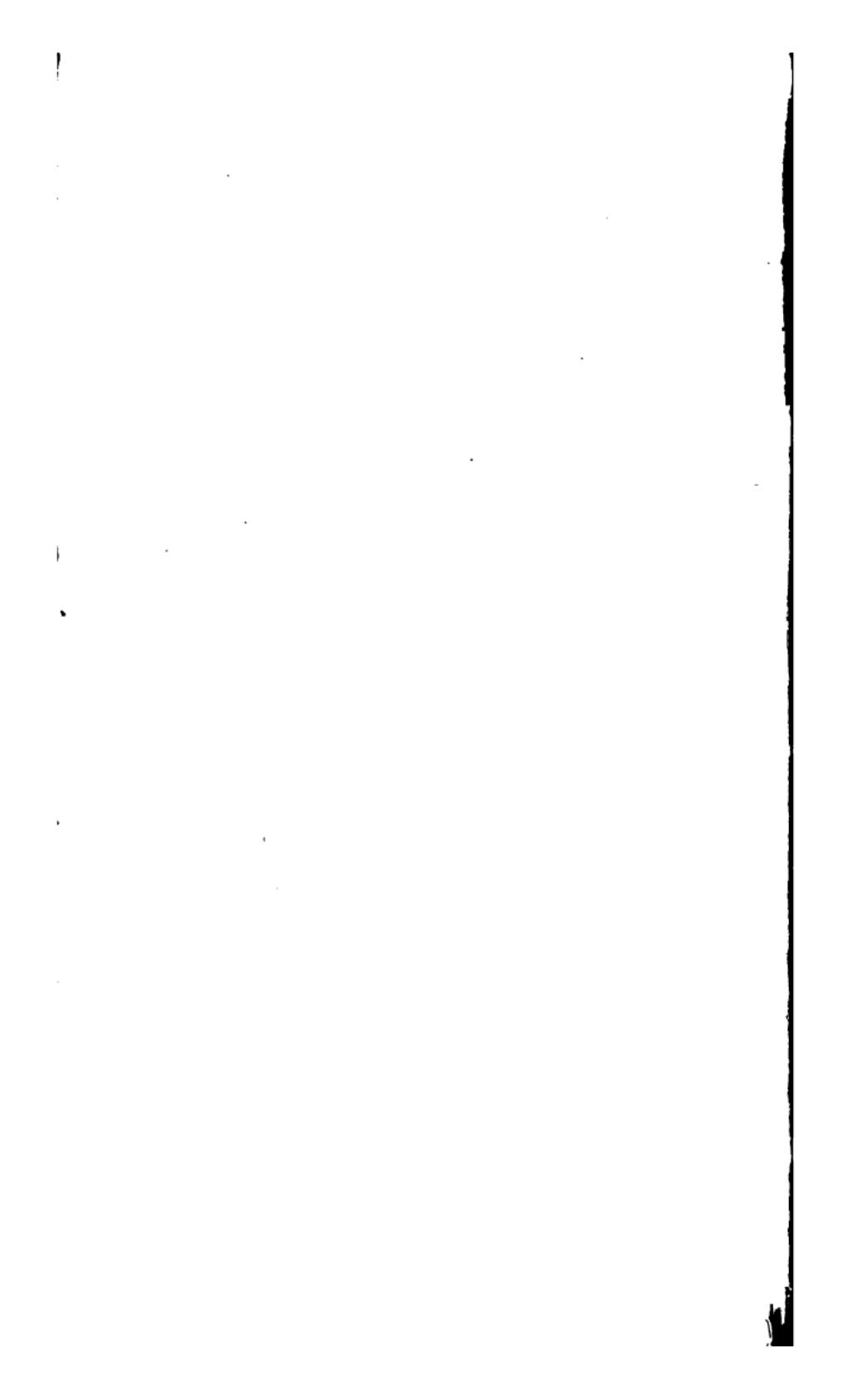
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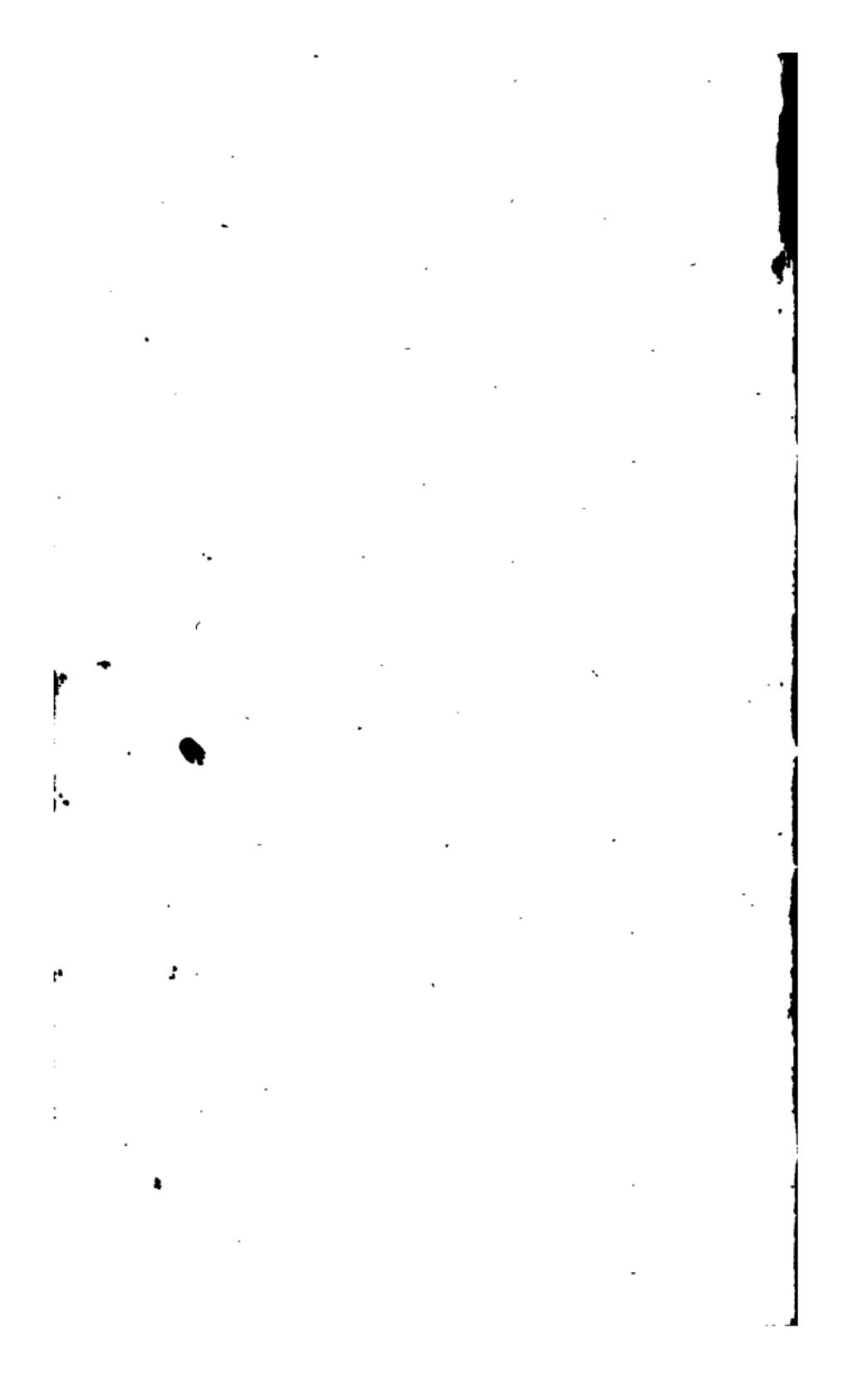


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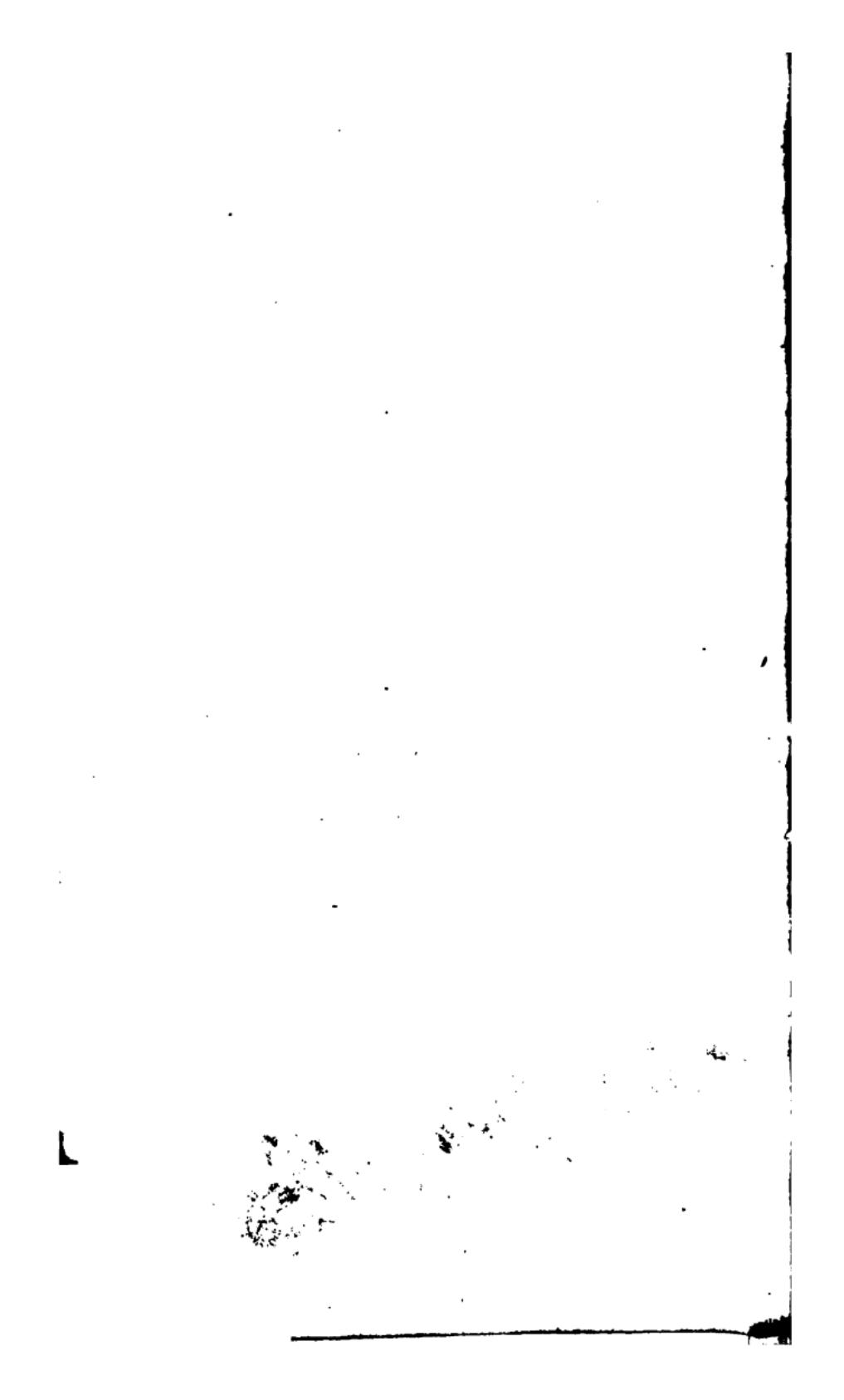


T H E

S A V A G E S

o f

E U R O P E.



T H E

S A V A G E S

O F

E U M R Y O F P E E K E.

PLAIDY

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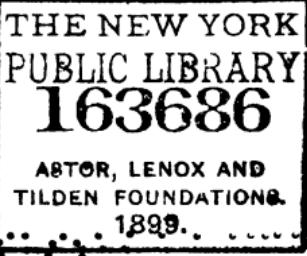
of Rob. Mart. See the Annotations.

— Fas est ab hoste doceri.

L O N D O N:

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE* translator of *Les Sauvages D'Europe* picked up the original by accident, as he was making a tour on the Continent: — he was struck with the humour of it, and took it into his head, that though, in the satire, the failings of Englishmen are exaggerated beyond all reason, yet it might, on the whole, be of some use to his countrymen, to know in what light they are seen by foreigners. — If the Public are diverted by this performance, and are as well pleased to be abused as they are (according to the opinion of a modern writer) to be told that they are ruined, it may possibly tempt the translator to let them have two or three more treatises of the same turn, though (in his opinion) much inferior to this. —

## ii ADVERTISEMENT.

*The French have thought this satire of consequence enough to be sent to the Havanna, and other parts of the Spanish dominions, and it is now much easier to be bad at Amsterdam than at Paris; where, since the Peace was settled, almost all the copies have been bought up with great diligence.*

## NOTES

*It is only necessary to add, that very few liberties have been taken in the translation; the author of *Les Sauvages D'Europe* was too well acquainted with the English laws and customs to make many alterations necessary. — If he is guilty of a few anachronisms, such as introducing Broughton's amphitheatre and May-fair chapel, and forgetting the marriage act; if he supposes that all Catholic priests are hanged, because the laws say they may be hanged; — if he*

## ADVERTISEMENT. iii

*lyes a little about the treatment of English and French prisoners,—it will still be considered that,—as to the former of these charges,—be had a kind of right to make us accountable for abuses so very lately rectified;—that as to priest-hanging,—be was not to search farther than the letter of the law, which is on his side;—and, with respect to the latter accusation,—if an Englishman was to read the infamous falsehoods which were published in every political pamphlet in France and Flanders, during the last war, on this very subject, he would not wonder at our author's insisting on so popular, though so false, a prejudice.*



# THE SAVAGES OF EUROPE.

## CHAP. I.

“ **V**IVE l’Angleterre ! ’Tis the  
“ country of philosophers —  
“ Paris is the seat of pleasure ; but give  
“ me London for happiness.” These were  
the words of a young Frenchman, who,  
in company with his mistress, was crossing  
the sea for Britain. — They were  
uneasy in France ; — Paris appeared  
to these lovers the centre of prejudice,  
because it ridiculed their union. — The

B

## STAGES

stands to them before it over and before  
sure, the ~~are~~ were their wives  
"Dear! Dear!"  
unable communication.

I will tell you that it is natural  
one that can not  
themselves. It is  
if;—whereas women  
have a heart —

not venture to have  
is the greatest of  
to have the man  
er own. And in  
woman that hardly  
regard even to her  
—A country where  
us against the other

“ passions; and where, nevertheless,  
“ every one would be in despair not to  
“ have a subject for scandal; — let us  
“ jointly forget these slaves to preju-  
“ dice; — let us leave the idle French  
“ to chatter on as much as they please,  
“ since reflection is not in their power.”

— “ Yes, lovely Cecilia (interrupted  
“ her lover) let us now seek for beings  
“ of another stamp, beings who will  
“ permit us to enjoy our liberty, — the  
“ most precious characteristic of man; —  
“ England is the country of men who  
“ dare to think; — England shall  
“ soon be ours.”

This conversation was held on the  
deck of a Dutch vessel which was  
“ for Great Britain.—  
“ two lovers sat, or

#### 4 THE SAVAGES

man with a flat broad countenance: He gave but little attention to their discourse; he was entirely taken up in reading a French translation of the Voyages of Tchim Kao.—He only broke off his study now and then to give vent to an exclamation; and while our Frenchman was saying, with transport, “How happy shall we be in so “civilized a country!” the old man muttered, “What difficulty I shall “have to polish these savages?

“A people of reason, of humanity, “said the one”—“These English savages, said the other.”

At length these cross-questioners over-heard each other, looked up and burst into laughter.—Our lovers

had left their country, thinking it perfectly ridiculous. — On the other hand, our venerable Chinese had quitted his own, with a firm persuasion that it was the best and wisest in the universe.— He was in search of all the most savage regions, that he might civilize the inhabitants. — He had certainly been bit by a mad missionary.

“ But, said Delouaville, as you think  
“ England such a savage country, what  
“ a plague can induce you to go thi-  
“ ther ?”

“ I propose to civilize them, replied  
“ he coolly.”

“ And we, said Cecilia with a smile,  
“ we propose to enjoy there the effects

6      T H E   S A V A G E S

“ of that ease and politeness which they  
“ are now so happy in.—We retire  
“ from France ; — we would avoid  
“ the babble of an inquisitive nation,  
“ which finds it impossible to see our  
“ passion without turning it into ridi-  
“ cule.”

“ I am really concerned for you, re-  
“ plied the stranger:— To avoid im-  
“ pertinence, you take shelter in the  
“ regions of brutality:—You are afraid  
“ of being bantered, and you expose  
“ yourselves to be persecuted ; to be  
“ torn in pieces.”—The lover looked  
on him with amazement, and began to  
conceive no very favourable idea of his  
understanding.— Pray, who, said he,  
can have given you so ridiculous an ac-  
count of Great Britain ? You can never,

certainly, have read the works of the English Sages! — Are not the very novels of their Fielding, of their Richardson, replete with sentiments of politeness? — Do they not breathe that humanity, and, in short, all those virtues which distinguish these islanders? Delouaville then proceeded with his argument, *a la Françoise*; that is to say, in a manner mighty positive, and perfectly polite; and from whence, on the whole, might be easily gathered that he looked on his antagonist as a very great oaf.

The old Chinese held out his book to him, and, only by way of answer, repeated—Read, read.

The Frenchman took the voyages

8      T H E   S A V A G E S

of Tchim Kao, and began thus : “ To-  
“ wards the north of Europe, you find  
“ two savage nations, the Laplanders  
“ and the English.—The first are only  
“ savage as to their understanding.—  
“ The darkness of their climate com-  
“ municates itself to their minds.—  
“ The arts can never flourish in so bar-  
“ ren a soil.

“ The second are savage in their  
“ hearts.—They, like all other barba-  
“ rians, think themselves the first na-  
“ tion on earth, and even the most ci-  
“ vilized.

“ They give themselves the haughty  
“ titles of kings of the sea, but are  
“ really no more than pirates.—They  
“ live by plunder.—Their power con-

## O F E U R O P E. 9

“ firsts in the art of raising a kind of  
“ contribution from their neighbours,  
“ to prevent tillage.—They know  
“ how to rob, but cannot conquer.—  
“ It is plain that they are ignorant of  
“ the art of war, since they have ever  
“ been the slaves of those who thought  
“ them worth the trouble of vanquish-  
“ ing.—Almost every invasion which  
“ has been made on their island has suc-  
“ ceeded.—The Romans, the Danes,  
“ the Saxons, the Normans, have con-  
“ quered and enslaved them.”—This  
paragraph had no further effect than to  
amuse our lovers:—The book appeared  
to them as extravagant as their com-  
rade, whom they eagerly longed to be  
better acquainted with, merely for his  
odd way of thinking, and he soon gra-  
tified their curiosity.

## 10 THE SAVAGES

“ I come, said he, from a country  
“ where humanity dictates every law.  
“ — Pekin is my native place ; — I al-  
“ ways lov’d my species ; — I always  
“ wish’d and forwarded their happiness ;  
“ — My studies have ever tended towards  
“ their good. — I have observed, with  
“ sorrow, that every nation is not like  
“ my own. — Nay, that many even  
“ take delight in slaughter and car-  
“ nage.

“ I have observed with pleasure, that  
“ the civilized part of the Europeans  
“ have generously endeavoured to af-  
“ ford these unhappy people those ad-  
“ vantages which nature has not be-  
“ stowed on them. — I have found that  
“ they have even so far succeeded with  
“ some of them, as to have given them

“ some notion of religion, of government and politeness.—Jealous of the glory of these worthy people, I resolved to imitate them.—I have made myself master of almost all languages. — I have sought out the most barbarous nations ; — I have even had the happiness to succeed in my endeavours with some. — The same scheme has now brought me to England.”

Our pair of lovers made themselves heartily merry at his project, and assured him, that as soon as he landed, he would join in the laugh with them.

The vessel was now in sight of Dover,— and the Chinese only said to Delouaville,— Land and observe.

## C H A P. II.

THE ship's company now went on shore.—Kin Foe, (for that was the name of the Chinese) prepared to groan, while Delouaville opened his eyes as wide as he could stare, with as perfect a disposition to admire whatever he should meet. Their ears were immediately struck with a confused medley of cries, oaths and lamentations.—They cast their eyes round, and perceived a heap of wretches tied neck and heels, and half stripped, haled unmercifully out of the hold of a ship, and thrown ashore, without regard to the inconvenience of their situation.—These were French, just taken by a Dover privateer, and whom the inhabitants were plundering

with the greatest violence.—Women passengers were treated as roughly as the men.—Their beauty was no protection for them.—These wretched victims were loaded with abuse, stript of their cloaths, and driven half-naked to seek for shelter in the fields.

They saw those ladies whose hands had, perhaps, twenty-four hours before, been respectfully kissed by sighing lovers, now obliged to run helter-skelter through mud and filth, with their petticoats about their heels, pursued by the hisses and hooting of the brutal mob. In the mean time the prisoners were dragged away to their dungeons by the furious Islanders.—We may easily imagine what our three new comers must feel at such a sight.

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Delouaville, foaming with rage, at viewing his countrymen in such distress, rushed on the English sword in hand.—A stroke of a cutlass soon silenced him.—He was trampled under foot by these savages, who, at the same time, laid hold of the trembling Cecilia, and tore the ornaments from her ears with such brutality, that they ran down with blood.—The sage of China rais'd his voice to utter the doctrine of Confucius.—His discourse was interrupted by a blow on the face with a flint stone.

Luckily, however, for our adventurers, their shipmates saw their distress, and rescued them from the fury of the English.—But the rash Delouaville disengaged himself from his deliverers, and flew after his enemies.—

Cecilia and Kin Foe would not leave him, they soon overtook the wretched prisoners, and, confounded with them, they were driven into those horrid dungeons, where English ferocity overwhelms and intombs heroism. Here they saw numbers of captive Frenchmen wretchedly piled up one over another's heads. — The air that breathed from their dungeon was noxious, and their savage keepers seemed, with infinite difficulty, to persuade themselves to throw to these unhappy men, those morsels of unwholesome food which, by prolonging, for a little while, their lives, gave them only more time to curse the hour when they fell in the power of the English.

In spite of all Delouaville's gallant,

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but ill-judged, efforts to assist his countrymen, the number of their butchers increased, and he had himself been made a partaker of their miseries and chains, had he not been once more relieved by the Dutch sailors, who had followed him, without his knowledge, to these horrid scenes. They found means to facilitate his escape, together with his mistress and the Chinese.—They set out immediately for London.—Delouaville, with his body beat to mummy, and his arm in a scarf; Kin Foe without his full compliment of teeth; and Cecilia with not quite the same quantity of ear as she brought out of France.— Their faithful shipmates wished them a good journey, and told them they were glad they had come off so cheap.

## C H A P. III.

OUR woeful trio were now on the road for London. — A shabby carriage, conducted by a drunken driver, jolted them too much to allow them any possibility of retaining the wretched dinner which they had made at Dover. — The driver grumbled; — the horses, left to their discretion, blundered out of the high road; — their sober commander laid the blame on the three strangers, and damn'd them for French vagabonds. — Delouaville, who understood not a word of English, gave no answer to this piece of insolence, but was fretted to the very heart. — Poor Cecilia was in tears, and the good

D

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Mandarin covered his battered jaw with his hand, and grieved for his friends distress.

Our young Frenchman had already the sullen look, the scouling brow, the head hanging down, in short he had already attained more than half the air of an Englishman. — Kin Foe, whose philosophy now stood him in stead, was the first that broke silence.

Well, said he, — now that we have tasted the fruits of this sweet island, let us hear your opinion of it? — Is this the country of philosophers? — Is it still the seat of happiness? — Good heavens! exclaimed Delouaville, its inhabitants are tigers; — the name of savages is infinitely above their deserts:

—They are monsters;—they are beasts of prey.

My dear Delouaville, replied the Chinese with coolness, you are always in extremes;—think of affairs with more candor;—the English are no way altered since our arrival, from what they were before.—I always told you they were as much savages, as the inhabitants of the desarts of Africa.—I think them still just the same, and not a jot worse.

What, interrupted Delouaville, have you really seen brutes as savage as these in any of those desarts?

Without compassion for our sex! added Cecilia.

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Ay! ay! continued Kin Foe, savages are almost the same all over the world. — These beings, whom nature has endowed with the same faculties as ourselves, and whom she intends to be as ourselyes, keep the middle station between the man and the brute. — The ruggedness of their tempers keeps pace with the progress of their genius, and their only alternative is the grossest stupidity, or the most savage ferocity: — Such is the actual state of the English. — Their cruelty is the consequence of their unenlightened situation; — But I flatter myself that I shall succeed in my attempts for their amendment. — The commerce with civilized nations, and particularly with the French, will put the last hand to my enterprize, and will make these savages

men.—You were shocked at the treatment which you saw your countrymen receive, and which we had all a share of; — but had I not warned you before what to expect from the manners of the country? — Every savage nation has made it a law, from time immemorial, to plunder their prisoners; — to load them with fetters; — to heap all kind of insults upon them.

It is by this conduct that they tarnish their victories.— In short, all the difference which I can find between the English, and their brother-savages of Africa, is, that among the latter, the fair sex meet with some consideration.

And that's no more than natural, said Cecilia.

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These reflections, which our brace of lovers could hardly digest, insensibly brought them to London. — They alighted from their wretched carriage at an inn, the air of which was as gloomy as the countenances of the English, who were regaling themselves within. — It was with great difficulty that they could perceive, here and there, a light piercing through the mingled smoke of their coal, and of their pipes. — A party of these smokers were sullenly drinking a kind of dusky liquor out of the same bowl. — The other side of the room was taken up by dirty tables, at which select parties were devouring slices of beef half raw, and almost unaccompanied with any bread at all. This disgusting object took away the appetites of our strangers: — They

eat a very little,— paid a great deal,— slept very indifferently, and got up very early to ramble through the streets of London. — The sight of some fine equipages, some handsome faces, and some fine cloaths, though awkwardly hung on, in some measure reconciled our lovers to Great Britain. — They observed to each other, That it was in a distant province, and a sea-port town, that they had met with such a reception; — but that, without doubt, the capital was much more civilized.

This point being settled, Delouaville endeavoured to enquire, of a person who was passing by, the way to St. James's-Park, (which, as he had heard, was worth his seeing). The man happening to be of a mild disposition, only

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laughed in his face, and walked on about his business. — A second, to whom he applied himself, was quite astonished that any one should not know the way to the Park, and thought our hero laughed at him in asking the question. — And a third, to whom Delouaville had recourse, observing the enquirer's broken English, clenched his fist, shook it at him, and damn'd his eyes for a soup-meagre Mounseer.

Delouaville understood just English enough to know that he was insulted, and his resentment would have occasioned another Dover scene, if some standers-by, who probably were not English, had not had the charity to interpose and stop the fray, which was already begun. — Savage nation ! ex-

Pl. 24.



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claimed Delouaville; — how hard it seems to be forced to reside in this brutal city, to one who is accustomed to the mildness of the French.—Paris is the place for strangers; — London is fit for the English only.

He would have gone on in the same strain, had not our party found themselves driven and hustled along by a boisterous crowd, from whom they could no way disengage themselves, until they found themselves in sight of the fatal tree at Tyburn. —

## C H A P. IV.

THEIR eyes were now presented with the spectacle of a gallows, a pile of faggots, and scaffolds crowded with spectators, who were prepared to enjoy a bloody execution, in all its horrors. — The gloomy and silent air of the standers-by, would have made one imagine that the punishment was intended for every one of them ; while, on the other hand, the criminals seemed, by their gaiety and easy behaviour, to think themselves on a party of pleasure. They played off jokes, and seemed to endeavour to amuse the people by their low buffooneries. — One of them made a grave harrangue, in which he ap-

plauded his own courage, and boasted of the many travellers whose purses and lives had been sacrificed to his gallantry ; and he exaggerated the greatness of these exploits which had conducted him to this glorious end ; — while another, less eloquent, accompanied his comrade with ridiculous gestures. —

This absurd pair gave some idea of these scenes among the antients, where one actor repeated the speech, whilst another supplied it with action. — A third malefactor took it in his head to prophesy ; — he predicted his own approaching death, (in which he was pretty sure not to be out) and he denounced the ruin of England. — “ Un-  
“ fortunate country ! (cried he with  
“ an emphasis) wretched city ! — What  
“ do I foresee ! — The sea vomits on

28 THE SAVAGES

“ thy shores an army of flat-bottom'd  
“ boats! they kill man, woman and  
“ child! — The outlandish men beat  
“ the masters of the sea! —— Woe to  
“ Old England! Woe to London!  
“ Woe to myself!” At this instant  
the fatal cord stopped the prophet's  
rhapsody.—His worthy companions suf-  
fered the same fate. — The standers-by  
immediately flung themselves upon  
them; hung to their legs, struck them  
on the breast, and took every method  
to dispatch them:—Not an Englishman  
present but eagerly endeavoured to per-  
form the duty of the hangman:—The  
very relations of the criminals assisted  
at this pleasing task with as much spirit  
as any.

Piles of wood were now lighted;—

some of the wretches were dissected before they were quite dead; — their entrails were thrown into the fire; — their precious remains were instantly caught up by the savages around it, and carried through the streets to be sold as a kind of reliques.— Inhuman monsters, said Delouaville, what a hideous spectacle is this! too late I find myself convinced that the English are the worst of barbarians.

All nations, interrupted Kin Foe, will afford you similar scenes; — there are every where crimes which must be punished; — I see nothing singular except in the behaviour of those who suffered, and of those who looked on: — “ It is there that I find myself among savages: — I think I see my old friends

## 30 THE SAVAGES

“ the Caribees :— When they have  
“ an enemy to slay, the whole people,  
“ the very women and children, strive  
“ to have their share in his execution.  
“ — The sufferer, joyous amidst his  
“ tortures, defies his butchers, sings  
“ his war-song, and vaunts his at-  
“ chievements, and the cruelty he has  
“ exercised on the vanquished. — He  
“ particularizes the Caribees whom he  
“ has murdered, and dies laughing,  
“ and jeering his very tormentors.

“ Barbarians always die without re-  
“ gret :— What attachment have they  
“ to life ? — they feel not the plea-  
“ sures of society, — the ties of affec-  
“ tion, or of nature ; — their facul-  
“ ties are in such a perpetual state of  
“ infancy, that the space between their

“ birth and their death is scarce per-  
“ ceivable.”

The throng of people had by this time so much increased, that our little company were forced to give way to the torrent, and to stagger from one side of the way to the other, as the crowd impelled them: — In this hurry they missed Cecilia, — and while they looked every where after her, they observed the people making way that there might be room for the bearers of the corpse of one who had been stifled in the crowd: — Delouaville, whose eyes were every where about him, ingenious in tormenting himself, fancied that he discerned the shape of Cecilia in this unhappy person: — Good heavens, he exclaimed, Cecilia! My beloved Cecilia! — One

might take him for another Æneas seeking his Creusa.

The wretched lover endeavoured to push through the throng that he might come at the body. — The tender-hearted mob, diverted beyond measure at his lamentations in broken English, pushed him, and pulled him, and hustled him about like a football. — One pulled him by the queue, another gave him a Cornish hug: — While he, equally divided between the desire of revenging these insults, and of finding his mistress, was almost choaked with rage: — He must soon have sunk beneath the brutality of the mob, and his own internal wretchedness, when, the crowd by degrees dispersing, our three friends found

themselves almost the only persons remaining in sight of the gallows. — They rushed into each others arms, congratulated each other, and made the best of their way home, aching, limping, and cursing the English.

## C H A P. V.

HITHERTO our adventurers had seen nothing but the lowest of the English: they took it for granted that the men of fashion were less riotous; and that, among people of condition at least, order and decency must be to be found. — Happy in this idea, they took the first opportunity to place themselves at a theatre, where, they were told, the best company in England were expected. — Here they had reason to hope that a series of agreeable objects might erase from their imagination those scenes of horror which had accompanied them ever since their arrival: — But what was their astonishment when they saw two half-naked

fellows appear on a kind of stage, armed with cutlasses, who immediately attacked each other, and defended themselves with the greatest spirit and agility.—The affrighted Cecilia squalled out, to the infinite amusement of the spectators, who burst out into immoderate fits of laughter at a distress which appeared to them so ridiculous.—The attention, however, which one of the combitants paid to so unusual a noise as a scream, cost him a pretty deep wound.—Delouaville would fain have separated the champions, but he was prevented by those around him, who told him (with voices interrupted with perpetual bursts of laughter) that what he took for an accidental quarrel, was a scene contrived for the amusement of the spectators.

## 36 THE SAVAGES

Wretches ! (cried our hero) What ! must your fellow-creatures sacrifice themselves for your amusement !

The combat now grew more and more critical ; — the blood run down in streams, and the English grew perfectly happy ; — the young ladies smiled at their gallants, and cast their eyes by turns on their pocket-looking-glasses, and by turns on the fatal steel, dyed with the blood of the vanquished. — One of the combatants was killed, and three others were carried off covered with wounds, to the exquisite joy of the spectators, who almost brought the theatre down by the violent expressions of their approbation.

“ And is this, said our young French-

“ man, is this the nation which I looked  
“ upon to be animated with the most  
“ amiable, the most humane senti-  
“ ments ? To be sure, cried the Chi-  
“ nese, these combats are horrible ; —  
“ they are very characteristic of a savage  
“ nation ; they are, however, in some re-  
“ spect, an honour to the English ; — it  
“ is in this circumstance that they ap-  
“ proach the nearest to a civilized na-  
“ tion. — As much a paradox as this  
“ may appear to you, you need only  
“ cast your eyes on the history of Rome,  
“ and you will find that that mistress  
“ of the universe permitted, in her  
“ capital, these detestable triumphs of  
“ inhumanity. — Those conquerors,  
“ who had waded to the empire of  
“ the world through slaughter and car-  
“ nage, retained, to the very last, some

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“ tincture of their original savageness.  
“ — But the English, without at-  
“ taining to their power, have made  
“ themselves masters of their barbarity ;  
“ — and that which sullied the ho-  
“ nour of the conquerors of the uni-  
“ verse, is the only glory which the  
“ enemies of the French can boast of.”

Cecilia was not in a condition to hearken to their conversation ; — trembling and fluttered, she wished to avoid viewing these disgusting objects, but the sight of one of the prize-fighters, who fell down lifeless on the stage, deprived her too of her senses ; she sunk down in a fainting fit ; her two friends with difficulty conveyed her home, and jointly execrated the insensibility of the English, who, entirely taken up with

their agreeable entertainment, had not even observed the distress of the three strangers.

When Cecilia was thoroughly recovered from this shock, our hero, who now found that he had been mistaken in his last expedition, carried her and the Chinese to a theatre where he found dramatic pieces were to be performed : — Here he hoped at last to meet with what he had so long sought, men of humanity. — His two friends, not so sanguine in their expectations, accompanied him out of complaisance. — Though Delouaville scarce understood a word of English, yet he hoped that the skill of the performers, the modulation of their voices, their looks and their gestures, must touch his passions,

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and give him some assistance towards comprehending the piece. —— Accustomed as he was to shed the tears of sensibility at the Parisian theatre, he expected to enjoy that pleasing melancholy which a well-wrote and acted tragedy inspires. —— The curtain rose ; — his eyes were entertained with murders, ghosts, death-heads, scaffolds, wheels and gibbets, accompanied by a due number of executioners. —— Our trio thought themselves again at Tyburn, and dreaded each instant the renewal of their distresses.

Alas ! (said Delouaville mournfully) is this the tender scene which I was so impatient to see ? must the savageness of these English be introduced even amidst their pleasures ?

To be sure, replied Kin Foe, there is some difference between these Islanders and your countrymen: — The French are melted by the sighs of love; they feel for virtue in distress; — their tender sensations are easily moved; but to make savages feel, we must have recourse to something terrible. — Daggers, flames, and all kinds of horrors, are absolutely necessary to kindle, in the heart of a barbarian, even the least spark of humanity.

A farce followed this tragedy. — Here our lovers found, to their astonishment, an attempt towards delicate raillery on their own nation: — The wit was however rather gross; — it consisted chiefly in a repetition of opprobrious epithets, with which the French were

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perpetually loaded ; — and in absurd broken English which was put in their mouths. — Wretched and low as this humour appeared to our strangers, they forced themselves to join in the horse-laugh, which was bellowed out by all the English audience.

One cannot, in honour, said Delouaville, be displeased at this : — Disgust, however, at these absurdities soon rendered him serious ; and at length turning his back to the stage, he gravely chatted with Kin Foe on this wretched and illiberal species of national abuse. — Their criticisms were, however, soon stopped by a horrid screaming, — a clashing of swords, — and a cracking of benches : — A dance which had followed the farce,

—was the occasion of this riot:— the spectators had been prodigal in their praises of it, and the house resounded with their noisy applause, until unhappily it was whispered that the dancers were French.— Shocked at having undesignedly approved of the performance of beings born among their enemies, the zealous English flew upon the stage, destroyed every thing they found there, broke one another's heads out of mere love of mischief; and by tearing up forms, breaking chandeliers, and fighting pell-mell, they soon reduced the theatre to a bloody chaos.

Delouaville and Kin Foe came off but indifferently in the scuffle; as foreigners they received knocks from both parties:— Cecilia, more than

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half-stifled, sunk down without life ;— the hunches and bumps which she received in the scuffle brought her to herself again, only that she might faint away a second time. — Her lover, as ill-circumstanced as herself, was unable to assist her ; — bruised and battered they thought themselves happy that they could escape alive, and having at length, with infinite difficulty, got out of the house, they limped home, with the firmest resolution of leaving England to its own savages the very next day.

## C H A P. VI.

THE unfortunate Cecilia, worn out by so many disasters, was far from being in a condition to support the fatigues of a voyage ; — she determined, therefore, to avoid being exposed to the insults of the Islanders, by shutting herself up in her chamber, till she had got strength enough for the proposed expedition ; — but her lover, whose temper was too volatile to relish such a retreat, betook himself, with the Mandarin, to a coffee-house, where he gave his opinion of England pretty plainly. — He spoke of it as of a country whose inhabitants, rendered more savage by the goblets of raw meat which

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they devoured, starved their prisoners, lamed foreigners as soon as they arrived, tore jewels from ladies ears, and showered stones on those who were weak enough to attempt to reason with them :

— He could not speak with temper of Tyburn, where, in search of his mistress, he had met nought but kicks and thumps. — Tyburn, which seemed more like a puppet-show than a place for execution ; — while, on the other hand, the play-house afforded nothing but gibbets and cut-throats.

This panegyric was attended to by a person who sat in the next box ; he appeared serious without being sulky ; he could hear the name of a Frenchman pronounced, without falling into convulsions, and could not even speak

to one without gnashing his teeth at him.

He had even been in France, and spoke the language with ease: This extraordinary Englishman joined in their conversation, and surprised our travellers by an appearance of sensibility, to which they had been of late very little accustomed.

You are certainly a foreigner, said Delouaville.

No, Sir, answered he, I am an Englishman.

You an Englishman! (said our Frenchman, with surprise,) and have you a heart?

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The honest Englishman did not even fly in a passion at a sarcasm so severe ; — he wished to defend the cause of his country rather by dint of reason than of fistycuffs ; — and this disposition gave rise to the following dialogue.

*Eng.* It appears, Sir, to me, that you are as yet very little acquainted with England ; — there are in London many people of sense who groan over the brutality of our mob.

*Fr.* Where the devil are these people of sense ? I want to meet with them.

*Eng.* They live retired ; — they are men of little show, and are seldom seen at public places. — These, from the

depths of their solitude, instruct their countrymen by their philosophical writings.

*Fr.* O ho ! I take you now,—you are going to name your Richardson,—your Fielding,—and so forth ; — I have read their works ; — it was that cursed Sir Charles Grandison that drew me into this confounded expedition to Britain. — If one was to judge of England by that romance, one would think that all the virtues had retired to this island ; but woeful experience has convinced me that Grandison, Clarissa and Pamela, are mere chimerical beings ; and that the characters of Solmes and Blifil are as common here, as that of Alworthy is rare.

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*Eng.* The works you mention, do honour to my country, but what are all these compared to those of Locke, of Bacon, of Pope, of Addison; in a word, of all those philosophers, by whom England has been distinguished above all the nations around her?

*Chin.* I allow you, Sir, that some men of sense have sprung up in this barbarous soil, but they are absolutely exotics. — I would do every one justice, and am happy to acknowledge merit wherever I find it; — but the handful of great men which England has produced, cannot be allowed to be the nation! — it is by the behaviour of people in general that we judge of a country. — The very philosophers who have lived in this island, strengthen

my idea of its savageness; since they have not, with all their endeavours, been able to communicate to their brutal countrymen the least spark of that humanity which they have preached; — The lights which their doctrines afforded could not pierce the darkness of their understandings; and the savages, untainted by such amiable examples, still enjoy their native barbarism in its utmost purity.

*Fre.* Our adventures at Dover, at Tyburn, at the play, are the most certain proofs that —

*Eng.* Well, well, these are accidents that seldom or never happen, the theatres are quiet enough in general; — you had the ill luck to be there when

there was a riot; — and as to the Dover people, if you had not begun with them, they would have let you alone, I'll answer for it.

*Fre.* Why, my good English friend, would you have had me sat still when I saw my countrymen so cruelly treated? — Will you justify such proceeding to prisoners of war? — What is it that inspires you Islanders with such a rage against our nation? When a French ship, by the right of war, seizes an English one, the prisoners taken are no longer looked on as enemies; — the women receive every respect due to their sex and beauty; — and every Frenchman thinks it is duty to alleviate, as far as is in his power, those distresses which, (though advantageous to him-

self) he sincerely laments.—Is it by way of acknowledgment for this behaviour, that you treat our poor countrymen so severely?

*Chin.* They have this piece of brutality in common with all other savages, —If this was the only circumstance of resemblance. —

*Eng.* Pray in what consists this strong resemblance between the English and savages?

*Chin.* In every thing: — I do not mean to say they resemble savages; I maintain that they are positively such themselves; — you shall hear my reasons for this opinion.—What is it which characterizes a savage people? — It is

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the want of laws,—of religion,—and of humanity. —— Now the English —

*Eng.* Have laws, humanity, and religion.

*Chin.* I think I am right in my opinion still. —— To begin with laws. —— I know well enough that they have had laws laid down for their observance, — but I know as well that they never would have received them, but for the pleasure of being able to break them. — Laws are only to be reckoned good in proportion to the effects which they produce. —— In all other countries they humanize the people, but with the English, they only serve to give them more opportunities of dipping their hands in blood ; nothing is sacred among these

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barbarians ; most savages respect their chiefs but the English, if their king displeases them, they knock him on the head upon the spot, and set up another.

*Eng.* All people have done these execrable actions in their turns.

*Chin.* Must I call to your remembrance all those revolutions, all those disturbances, which have made the whole world look on the English as a bloody, savage race ? — Has any country seen more tumults ? — Can such a people be said to have laws ? or if they have any, to what end do they serve, but to shew the ferocity of the nation by the contempt in which they are held ?

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*Eng.* You seem very well acquainted with the English history ; however, if I should grant you, that our people do not always conform to their laws, I don't think I have any reason to give up their attachment to religion and humanity.

*Fre.* As to humanity, I would not, by any means, have you think of taking their part ; — you know our proofs ; — we have experienced the gentleness of the English turn of mind, and I fancy you will be puzzled even to tell me what the joys of society are in this country ; — they drink immoderately, and eat in proportion ; — they swear, they kick, they cuff, and when tired of these enchanting pleasures, they hang and drown themselves. — Paris, Sir, is

the only place for humanity, set aside a little small talk, and the way of spending life there is delicious ; — every pleasure is there in perfection, but I can find nothing here but gluttony and drunkenness.

*Eng.* This is really hard upon us, — our unlucky nation can never please ; it was but the other day that one of our most popular writers directed all his sarcasms against our national spirit of humanity.—“ Pity, says he, is generally strong in women ; and hence pity and humanity is the natural growth of an effeminate nation, that is, of a nation that resembles women.” — In short, he very fairly proves us cowards and fools, from our mildness, good-nature and charity.

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*Fre.* Very odd indeed, — surely the satirist might have found some faults among your countrymen rather more noxious, than the excess of their humanity.

*Chin.* It is just so among all their brother savages. — I am sure I shall never forget the speech which a Pawwawer, or priest, made to the Catawba Indians, while I was standing by, shocked almost to death at the horrid tortures which they were inflicting on an enemy prisoner, whom they had tied to a stake. — Brethren, (said this American clergyman) how much are you degenerated from the manly arts of your ancestors, — the prisoner has been but an hour under your hands, and he is almost dead already ! — your effeminacy will be your ruin. —

In the time of the great warrior Okopohetowow, an enemy would have been kept alive, without skin or limbs, for half a day. — You complain of the inhumanity which you meet with here, and at the same time forget that any other kind of behaviour would be absurd and out of character ; — it is among civilized nations that you must look for the pleasures of society : — Here every vice, as well as every crime, has its votaries.

*Eng.* At least you will allow some exceptions ; — the mob does not make up the whole nation : — Among people of fashion you will seldom meet these brutalities.

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*Chin.* The people, and the nation, as I said before, I look upon as synonymous terms; and as to your men of fashion, I have been told, that they are ignorant to the greatest degree: — I have been told that they spend their lives in hunting foxes and hares, and in drinking after the chase. — But though there should be some exceptions to this rule, should you even point me out an Englishman of humanity and sensibility, I should only say, that he ought to have been born in some other country.

*Fre.* That, I fancy, cannot be easily answered.

*Chin.* Now, as to religion, I believe you cannot easily tell me which is the favourite one in England; — each

has his own, or rather no-body has any.

— The contempt which the English have for life, shews how little dread they have of what comes after it. — I do not even know whether the generality believe in a Supreme Being, since I have read, that a preacher is appointed once a year to attempt the proof of the existence of a God. — This precaution is no good omen of their belief, since it proves that the people are not thoroughly convinced; for if they were, the oration would be absurd and useless. — In short, upon the whole, I think we must allow that the whole religion of the English consists in hanging up Catholic priests when they can catch them.

*Eng.* Well, perhaps I may allow that

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my countrymen are not over-burthened with humanity, and that they do not pay any very great regard to religion, but you must not reckon them savages on these accounts ; — savages make no account of treaties.

*Chin.* It is there that I am prepared for you ; — Treaties are indeed effective among none but civilized nations, who build their repose upon that foundation : These people glory in distinguishing themselves from savages by a solemn tye, which subsists in war as well as peace, and is called the law of nations. — It prohibits them from committing any hostility without a declaration of war : — It obliges them to respect Ambassadors, and to treat with humanity their prisoners of war. —

Let us now see how well the English are acquainted with the law of nations.

Have we not seen them make themselves masters of numbers of French ships which were securely sailing on the ocean, depending on the peace then subsisting?

Have they not pillaged neutral ships only because the cargo suited them?

Have they paid any neutral to the persons of Ambassadors? — Did they not, but t'other day, assassinate Mr. de Jumonville, who came to treat with them?

Have they even the principles of reason. — The very laws of nature,

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which operate among most savages, have no force with them: — They never distinguish between justice and injustice; — between misfortunes and crimes. — It was but t'other day that they butchered one of their own Admirals, because he had not beat his enemy. — Would a civilized people render their fellow-subjects answerable for the caprices of fortune?

If I was disposed to touch upon every separate principle of the right of nations, and even of humanity itself, I could point out instances in which the English have violated each of them, but the detail would be too uniform; it would consist only of their crimes: — I will spare you the disagreeable catalogue, I have said enough to prove that

they have neither politeness, laws, nor religion; — that they pay no regard to treaties; — that they are ignorant of the law of nations; — that they have no idea of society, nor even of the principles of humanity. — Such a people must be allowed to be completely savage.

*Fre.* The world would be but too happy, were the English no more than uncivilized; but if we only call to mind all those virtues of which they are ignorant, and all those vices which they possess, the sum total will be, that they are not only savages, but savages of the most barbarous cast.

*Chin.* This is too true, — you will find, even in the wilds of America, sa-

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vages that tremble at the idea of English cruelty.

*Eng.* How shall I answer reproaches which have but too just a foundation ? I owe respect to truth, but I must not entirely give up my countrymen.

*Chin.* We can only pity, and try to enlighten them. — 'Tis this very end which brought me to England.

*Eng.* 'Tis a laudable end ; but I am too well acquainted with my countrymen, and it is with concern that I tell you, that you will only suffer by their brutality, without convincing them of their errors.

*Chin.* If it is not possible to amend

hem, we must e'en leave them to themselves, and admire the wisdom of nature in separating them, by the ocean, from the rest of the world. —— May it please heaven that these barbarous islanders may, for ever, remain inclosed within their own bounds ; nor pollute with their dangerous commerce, that amiable humanity which every other part of Europe may justly boast of !

*Eng.* Our neighbours, the French, indeed, might be of the greatest service to us, by inspiring us with that spirit of society which, alone, makes life agreeable ; but we make it a duty to hate them, and as long as we do hate them, we shall continue savages.

*Chin.* Your countrymen are really of  
K 2

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a disposition perfectly sour and obstinate.—The French, indeed, give way to a sudden burst of anger; but it is your Englishman who knows better than any other being on earth, what it is to hate.

*Fre.* After all, let them go on as they like, and much good may it do them; — to-morrow, off I go, — and if they ever catch me in England again — — —

## C H A P. VII.

HERE the dialogue ended, and the speakers separated not ill satisfied with each other: — Delouaville, in particular, commended the Englishman's candor, and pitied his fate, in being born among a people of such manners. —

He now returned to Cecilia, who was not quite easy at his absence; — with her he passed, in tranquility, a few days, a necessary repose, to enable her to bear the fatigues of another sea expedition. — Though that mutual affection, which had conducted this couple to London, was not really lessened, yet

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stifled, as it were, by their misfortunes, it scarce appeared to have a being:— Cupid seldom shews his power among the wretched; — 'tis among the happy that he likes to reign. —

A young Englishwoman, however, revived in the heart of Cecilia's lover the taste for pleasure; — he pleased her without wishing to please: — The lady had too much vivacity to delay an acknowledgment of her flame. — The Frenchman, too much galantry to miss his opportunity. — Notwithstanding his firm attachment to Cecilia, he thought it a point of honour not to pass by the advances of a fine woman. — Fanny, for that was her name, talked to him in plain English; Delouaville sigh'd in French: — Their words were

indeed lost ; but the language of the eyes, a language common to every country, explained their mutual ideas.

—Our young hero, charmed at finding himself able to soften the ferocity of an English heart, laughed in his sleeve at Kin Foe, and applauded his own method as much more efficacious. —— He took frequent walks in the Mall with his Fair-one : — He was just learned enough in her language to tell her that he lov'd : — Gestures supplied their mutual deficiency of words, — and heaven alone knows to what a height they might have carried the pantomime, had the amour lasted long enough.

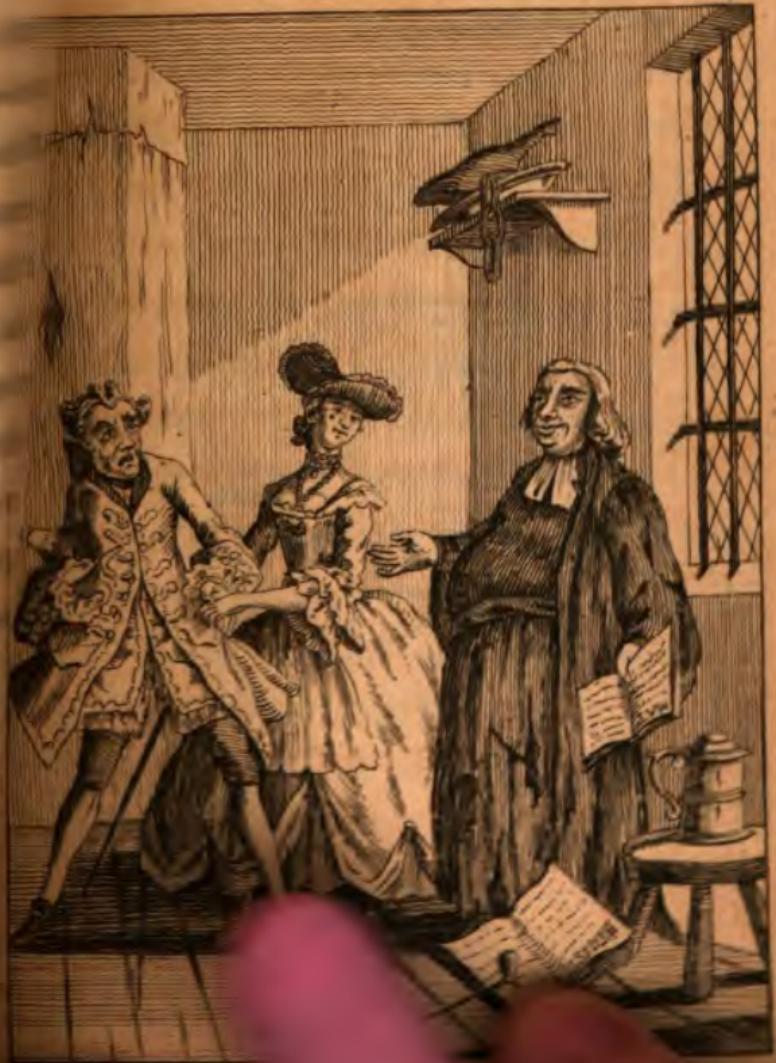
It was during one of these evening walks, that Fanny conducted her gallant to a distant part of the town. —— She

stifled, as  
it scarce a  
Cupid se  
the wretc  
that he li

A ye  
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ing  
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- Started at his residence.
- Mr. Remond left us.
- We quite satisfied.
- We intended to make interpretations. — 3
- About two o'clock.

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and signs seemed to be made that he should put it on the finger of Fanny. — At this he hesitated, — but on recollecting that from so absurd a ceremony, performed by so ridiculous a dotard, and in so indecent a place, nothing could arise, he complied with the request. — This important manœuvre enchanted the Englishwoman ; — she flew into his arms, and loaded him with the most touching caresses, and the tenderest expressions. — The jolly parson, (for such he was) shewed, by the twinkling of his little, ferret-like eyes, that so affecting a scene was not lost upon him.

Delouaville had by this time persuaded himself that he was in a house of freedom, and that the character which

had appeared so odd to him, was a good-natured assistant to the pleasures of youth. — Pleased with this idea, he began to promise himself a thousand agreeable scenes, when the bursting open of the chamber-door roused him from his pleasing dream. — The room was in an instant filled with constables. — A woman, foaming with rage, flew on the trembling Fanny, and scratched her without mercy. — Poor Delouaville had too much occasion to defend himself, to allow him time to think of succouring his English mistress ; and, concluding that he was in the hands of cut-throats, he thought himself but too happy in making his escape by the favour of the night, and the help of the caffcocked stranger. — The intruders pursued him in vain ; — he escaped their search, and

after a two hours run, he regained his lodgings, scared, and half broken-winded: — He rushed up stairs to disburthen his mind to the Mandarin; — but the unlucky Kin Foe was not in a condition to attend him; — he was in bed, and surrounded by a troop of surgeons, who were covering him all over with plaisters and bandages.

## C H A P. VIII.

**A**S soon as the surgeons had finished their affairs with the unfortunate Mandarin, the impatient Frenchman related to him his late adventure ; and now, (says he, when his tale was ended) you that are so well acquainted with the customs of every country, tell me what can all this mean ? — and how am I to behave in such odd circumstances ?

Why, behave politely to your wife, answered the Chinese, since you have got one. —

This sentence struck the Frenchman aghast, — and deprived him, for a mo-

ment, of the use of his speech.—After a little reflection, however, the idea appeared to him perfectly Chinese, and extravagant to the last degree. ——

What ! says he to Kin Foe, That great lumbering fellow —

Was a parson. ——

Those English words which he pronounced with the air of a demoniac, —

Were the usual prayers at an English marriage. ——

That ring; ——

The wedding-ring. ——

Those blustering gentry. —

The relations of your wife, displeased  
at this clandestine wedding. —

Good heavens ! I am —

Why, man, you're married ! —

But (replied Delouaville) can it enter  
into any one's imagination, that it is  
possible for a girl to marry a man with-  
out his even discovering what she was  
about ? For her to do this without the  
knowledge, and against the consent of  
her relations ? And for her to find a  
priest abandoned enough to execute her  
designs ? For a ceremony so solemn as  
the matrimonial one, to be performed  
in a store-room ? — without witnesses ;

—without any form? : — No, no, — it can never be. — Such a wedding, my dear Kin Foe, is ridiculous, and can never be valid. —

• You forget, my dear friend, (interrupted the Mandarin) that we are in a savage nation. — This accident would never have befallen you in a civilized country ; — but in England nothing is so common as this kind of marriage ; — they perform them at the Fleet for a crown ; — at May-Fair for a guinea. — The chapels destined to these ridiculous weddings, have each their set price ; — and, to gain customers, the clergymen have the assurance to advertise them in the daily News-papers.

Thunderstruck at this intelligence,

Delouaville, after faintly pronouncing the name of Cecilia, fell speechless on a couch: — He now felt, more than ever, the violence of his passion for that lovely girl, whom he had lost for ever by his own imprudence. — Stunned, however, as he was, and motionless, he was at once roused from his languor by the voice of Cecilia, who, in a plaintive tone, called for assistance: — He ran to the door of the room, where he found his mistress, weak, and scarce able to support herself. — She had overheard this fatal conversation, and the cruel sensation which the loss of her lover occasioned, easily accounted for her indisposition.

Perjured man! said she, you abandon, then, the wretched Cecilia. —

An Englishwoman! — A girl born among barbarians, and tainted by their manners deprives me of my lover! — Unfaithful Delouaville! your wandering fancy was not to be fixed by the affection of a woman of virtue and of delicacy, who, for you, had quitted her country, her family, and her reputation. — No — a woman, without pretensions to modesty, has more charms for you! — you are united for ever to her! — I am your's no more! — you must be nothing to me! — what can become of me?

She could proceed no further. — Her sighs and tears stopped her complaints. — Her wretched lover led her, in silence, to the bed of the groaning Mandarin. — She sunk down on a couch,

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and the unfortunate Frenchman knelt at her feet, embraced her knees, but could not speak.

The good Kin Foe, touched by this melancholy scene, forgot the soreness of his bones, to join his tears with theirs. — I remember (said he, with intent to console them) an adventure not unlike this, which gave me a good deal of trouble, when I travelled among the American savages. — A young Cherokee unluckily taking a fancy to me, after loading me with her odious caresses, contrived to inveigle me to the hut of an old savage, who wedded us by means of a set of ceremonies so burlesque, that I was totally ignorant of their tendency. — The girl's relations proposed that we should both be first

scalped, and then roasted at a slow fire ; — but the elders of the nation decreed, that I was lawfully married ; and I found a speedy flight my only way to get rid of my sweet spouse. — You, continued the Chinese, speaking to Delouaville, may take this method of proceeding : — Return to France, — there your grotesque marriage will give you very little trouble.

This scheme gave some consolation to the wretched pair : — They had now leisure to ask the good Mandarin the cause of his woeful plastered condition. — Why, said he, I happened, in my walk to-day, to see some of your countrymen insulted in the streets by the English, merely because they were Frenchmen. — Feeling as much pity for

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their brutality, as I did for the victims of it, I followed these heroes into a tavern which they entered after this gallant action. — Hoping to soften their ferocity, I joined in conversation with them, and as they seemed in good humour, I tried to inculcate to them some principles of humanity. The solemn, gloomy silence which they kept, made me hug myself on the supposed effect of my precepts. From this pleasing illusion I was wakened by a bottle which one of my audience darted at my head; this example was soon followed by others: I fell off my chair bathed in blood; — blows were still heaped upon me; — grates, pokers, candlesticks, and joint-stools, were hurled at me; I soon lost all sensation, so that I know not how the scene closed; — for when I opened

my eyes I found myself in this bed, surrounded by surgeons, who told me, that having seen my mishap at the coffee-house, and finding out my lodgings by a direction in my pocket, they had taken care to bring me home. —— These good gentlemen had the goodness to return me a part of the money in my purse: —— The rest, I suppose, went to pay my dressing. ——

These insults shocked the lovers, and awakened their just animosity against the English. —— They now recollected all those misadventures which had so closely succeeded each other since their arrival in England. —— They loaded this den of savages with execrations; —— but the task was more than their strength would allow. —— A gloomy silence suc-

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ceeded these transports of rage.—Delouaville, however, by intervals, felt his fury return:—He beat his breast, and tore his hair.—Cecilia, by turns, fainted, and returned to her senses.—While the Mandarin, less violent, lifted his eyes to heaven, and sincerely offered his prayers for the consolation of his companions, and for the conversion of the savage English.

## C H A P. IX.

AFTER this melancholy scene, our lovers left the Mandarin to that rest of which he stood in great need, and went to repose themselves each in their separate chambers: — For, wonderful as it may appear, Delouaville preserved an inviolable respect for his mistress. — But I hear the reader say, What the mischief had they to do then in England? — they might have respected one another in France; — they came to England to be at their ease?

We may answer, without having recourse to the rules of romance, that our pair of Inamoratoes had left their

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country to avoid the impertinent observations of their countrymen, and the persecutions of their own relations, who opposed their union for some pecuniary reasons. — They flattered themselves that they might find in England some catholic priest to perform the ceremonies of their marriage ; nor would Cecilia consent to accompany her lover, till he had promised to observe the most solemn respect until the day of their nuptials : Now if it should be objected, that it is an inconsistency to suppose that a girl should be so very tender of her character, after having gone off with a lover, we cannot pretend to answer for the contradictions of the human mind ; it is sufficient that we affirm, that Delouaville kept his promise ; and (what is more wonderful) that his mistress was

not angry with him for his punctuality.

They went, however, to rest not far asunder; for Cecilia's health being in a very indifferent situation, her lover, unwilling to trust her to the care of any but himself, lay close to her chamber-door, that he might be within call.

Fanny had privately hired an apartment which communicated with this chamber.— She had retired from the wrath of her relations to this asylum, where she eagerly waited for her husband's appearance.— In consequence, Delouaville was no sooner in bed but he perceived a female figure in her shift, gliding in on tiptoe, holding a lamp in her hand, which she had no sooner

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placed on the table, than she slid to bed to her spouse, who, petrified by astonishment, would have doubted whether or no he was awake, had he not been roused from his reverie by the vivacity of his happy bedfellow, whose caresses, in his present situation, he was at a loss how to receive.

Cecilia (her room-door being open) had observed the entrance of Fanny; but taking her for an apparition, fear had rendered her dumb. — Venturing, however, to dart a timid glance at the spectre, she thought she recollects the features of a girl whom she had been in company with: — She took it for granted that she saw her rival; stung with jealousy, she sprung from her bed, rushed to that of the new-married folks,

and, with a voice half suffocated with rage, she could but just bring out, What ! beneath my eyes to be so cruelly injured! — Could I have expected such an outrage from you ?

At the sound of her voice, Delouaville disengaged himself from the arms of Fanny, and fell at the feet of Cecilia, using, at the same time, the strongest efforts to convince her that he had no share in this assignation. — While Fanny, who was almost raving at her spouse's behaviour, jumped out of bed, and attacked her unlucky rival with nails, teeth and tongue. — The situation of our hero, in the mean time, was such, that his legs being embarrassed in the bed-cloaths, he was obliged to be a helpless spectator of the fray.

Fanny was now attempting to lug Cecilia out of the room by the hair of her head, at the same time calling her, in English, strumpet, jade, and a hundred more pretty names. — Cecilia defended herself as well as she could. — The caps soon disappeared ; — the shifts soon followed their example, and the scene, to any one but to a man so interested in it as our hero, would have been perfectly grotesque. — He at length exerted himself so successfully that he separated the combatants.

Fanny, however, only left Cecilia to rush into her husband's arms, and load him with kisses. — What a situation for a young Frenchman ! It was in vain that he endeavoured to hide the marks of his sensibility ; — the temp-

tation was too much for a mortal to resist. — Cecilia, with a mournful voice, pronounced his name; — he flew into her arms, and was perfectly willing to restore to her those caresses which he had received from his spouse; — but Cecilia, or rather her modesty, repulsed those embraces which her compleat dishabille made, perhaps, too critical.

The Englishwoman seized that instant to renew her embraces, and Delouaville, who was now hardly master of himself, threw the most expressive glances at Cecilia, which, in spite of himself, returned on the enticing Fanny. At this instant jealousy was on the point of doing more in favour of Delouaville, than ever love had done; and four

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years resistance had at once been sacrificed by Cecilia to the dread of losing her lover, could she but have blinded her rival for a little while; — but as she could not have recourse to so sure an expedient, the squabble began again; — the table was overset, — the lamp extinguished, and every thing in confusion, when the door at once opening, presented to their view a ghastly figure in white, with a light in his hand, which gave them a prospect of a head immensely large, with difficulty supported on a pair of tottering shoulders. — The battle at once was discontinued, — and the combatants retired in dismay, and hid themselves, till, encouraged by the mildness of the voice of Kin Foe, they ventured from their retreats.

The worthy Mandarin, at the same instant, lighted the extinguished lamp, and appeased the whole fracas, by ordering Fanny to betake herself to her own room, and Delouaville and Cecilia each to their beds.

The exasperated Englishwoman retired, menacing vengeance on the seducer of her husband ; and the rest of the night was spent by Cecilia in tears ; by Delouaville in sighs ; by Fanny in threats and imprecations ; and by the Chinese in sleeping soundly.

## C H A P. X.

THE next morning's dawn found our heroes and heroines thus occupied: — They all rose; — Fanny sallied forth to hasten her vengeance, while the unlucky Frenchman (whose evil genius led him into misfortunes whenever he stirred out of doors) determined to stay at home with Cecilia.

Their hearts were full, and they mutually wished to ease them by an unrestrained conversation; — but they could reach no further than monosyllables: — They wished, indeed to say a thousand things, but in vain. — They now began with less interesting subjects, in

hopes, by degrees, to reach more important ones, but it was all in vain:— They, indeed, could observe that the day was dark, the weather foggy, the wind sharp, &c. &c. — The conversation then turned upon the news of the day. — The papers informed them that an old man had cut his own throat in the Strand; — that a young woman had drown'd herself in Rosamond's Pond; — that the body of a well-dressed man was found floating in the Thames, and was put in a shell to be owned; — that an ox, being over-drove, had tossed a woman big with child; — and a hundred other articles of equal gaiety, which are to be found in every news-paper in London. — These pieces of intelligence they accompanied with numberless imprecations on the English,

and complaints of their wretched fate which had obliged them to reside among them.

The Chinese now joined them, and informed them that he had just been told, by his barber, that a woman in the neighbourhood had just put an end to herself and her child, on account of a trifling disorder which incommode them ; — and observing their astonishment at these strange instances of ferocity, “ The English, said he, would “ not be compleatly savage were it not “ for this turn of mind ; — almost “ all savages expose their children, — “ knock their fathers on the head to “ keep them from the inconveniencies “ of old age, and make still less difficulty of destroying themselves. —

“ Your negroes hang and choak them-selves to be revenged on their masters: — The English would be miserable if any nation could boast a savage custom beyond them.”

The Chinese was proceeding on this subject, when a constable, entering with a surly air, insisted on Delouaville's accompanying him to a justice of the peace. — Our hero, with that firmness which conscious innocence ever gives, attended on him, while the benevolent Mandarin had enough to do to console Cecilia, who imagined that her lover was carried off to instant death. — Poor Delouaville had flattered himself that the magistrate, to whom he was going to be conducted, would be his protector, and would defend him from all future

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insults. —— Soothed with these hopes, he was introduced through a shop to a dirty room, where, sitting in a shabby state, appeared the justice of the peace. —— This venerable character seemed to endeavour to model his countenance to severity, but he could only arrive at sulkiness mixed with insolence. — Fanny was at his ear imploring redress. — The magistrate squinted lovingly at her, and roughly demanded of Delouaville, Why he misused a lady who had honoured him but too much in becoming his wife? Our hero answered, That he did not acknowledge her as such, and gave an account of the absurd farce in which he had been drawn in to play a part; — adding that he thought no one could give the name of a marriage to proceedings so ridiculous; nor could

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he believe that a magistrate would allow them his countenance. — He was, however, told by the justice, that his marriage was valid, and conformable to the laws of the country ; and was threatened with Tyburn, if he contracted any other engagement. — This venerable legislator ended by ordering him to take his spouse home with him, and dismissed him with an air of jealousy mingled with envy.

The melancholy husband now paced sullenly homewards with his troublesome helpmate. — The influence of Hymen had already operated strongly upon him, and he detested his wife already, as heartily as if he had been married a twelvemonth. — To paint the horrors of his situation,

we must imagine a man married against his will, and in love with another woman.

—The lady, however, was happy, and the husband had only the consolation left of heartily cursing the justice of the peace, the kingdom of Great-Britain, and his own stupid self that was got into it. — How heartily did he now wish for a mob, or a riot, or any plague upon earth, to rid him of his too faithful companion, when at once he was agreeably surprised by the sudden appearance of her relations, who tore her from him in an instant.

It was amazing to observe with how much mildness our hero sustained this outrage; he saw his spouse's ears heartily boxed by her mother with infinite coolness, and bore her relations threats

of cutting his throat if ever he came near her again, with equal moderation.

—The tender husband would not shock his wife's ideas by the apprehension of so bloody a catastrophe. — He abandoned Fanny to her kindred savages, and made off with uncommon alacrity.

His reflections entertained him sufficiently on the way homewards, What ! said he to himself, shall I never escape from this infernal island, where every single principle of the law of nature is counter-acted ? where neither the girls have decency, the fathers authority, the laws power, nor the inhabitants humanity ! a perpetual war is carried on between the children and their parents ; — the parents and the

judges; — the judges and common sense.— If I part with my wife, I am to be hanged! — If I live with her, I am to have my throat cut! O savages! savages!

He had by this time reached his lodgings; — the vexation he had met with had animated his passion for his mistress: — He flew to her apartment: — She was not there: — “ O heavens! “ — I have lost my Cecilia! my Ce-“ cilia! — Kin Foe! my dear Kin “ Foe!” —

But neither was Kin Foe to be found or heard of. — “ Wretched that I “ am! I have lost both! I am left alone “ without a friend, without a mistress, “ and surrounded by devils incar-

“nate! — Now England sits heavy on  
“me indeed,” —

He rushed now, like a madman, through the streets of London: — He found no traces of the Mandarin or Cecilia: — The night approached, and, worn out with fatigue and despair, our unfortunate hero steered his course homewards. .... Within a few steps of his own door he tripped against a kind of bundle of cloaths, and tumbled over it into the kennel: — He got on his legs, and examining the occasion of his fall, he recollect ed the cloaths of the Chinese: — He stooped down, and by the light of the stars he perceived a human figure extended without motion; it was Kin Foe.

## C H A P. XI.

OUR Frenchman now applied himself to rouze the Mandarin, and having, with the utmost difficulty, raised and supported his staggering carcase, he led him homewards; and as soon as he had recovered, in a small degree, his reason, he asked him eagerly about Cecilia.

The good philosopher began to rub his eyes; — he stretched out first one arm, and then t'other; — he cut a caper to feel his legs; — he called lustily for drink, and ogled the girl that was putting him to bed with great expression. — These gestures, so unusual

and out of character in the Chinese, disconcerted and surprised Delouaville : — He enquired for Cecilia, and Kin Foe told him, with a hiccup, that there was excellent wine in London. — The poor lover now lost all his patience ; — he abused love and friendship, and heaven and earth, and nature. — The Mandarin seemed to him to be turned fool, just at that juncture, only to drive him to distraction : He must, indeed, have been half a witch if he had hit on the true cause of this odd phænomenon. — Our Chinese had, by chance, fallen into company with a set of Bucks of quality, to whom he had been explaining the doctrines of morality. — This oddity had diverted them. — The pride of these English nobles permitted them to amuse themselves with one whom they

took for a buffoon, as they could not conceive that a stranger should really intend to mend their morals. —— They hustled him along with them to one of those bacchanal banquets where every body drinks and talks as fast as he can, and whose catastrophe is always ruinous wagers, broken furniture, and broken heads.

No excess, which the English ever give way to in these parties, was omitted on this occasion. —— They drank fifty bottles of wine, and broke twice as many. —— The wise maxims of Kin Foe were drowned in the noise of the huzzas, the loose songs, and the execrations of this joyous rout. —— He gained, at length, a moment's attention, and, not to disgust his auditors,

he put on an air as gay as theirs: — He had, indeed, hopes that he might find, among the chiefs of the nation, minds less hardened than those of the populace: — Their education, their reading, their travelling, might, he thought, have disposed them to sensibility; they were in that happy time of life when the mind is easily induced to receive impressions. — How many circumstances in their favour! — It was with these prejudices that he gave way to their jollity, that he might entice them to virtue. — His discourse was by some received with laughter, by others with anger; however, it was agreed on all hands, that it would be immense fun to make him drunk. — To compass this point, they feigned themselves touched with his exhortations. — Each

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maxim was accompanied with a chorus of applause, and with a bumper, which the orator was obliged to toss off. — The wine, however, had a quicker effect on the philosopher, than his advice on the English. — The good man began to falter in his arguments; — he found that it was easier to get drunk, than to convert a Briton, and refused to drink any more. — This stood him in little stead, as immediate recourse was had to a funnel, through which the company made him drink in his turn. — They now began to make a hundred ridiculous bets on the moralist: — one betted, that he could stand another bottle, — another pitted him against any in the company, — and, by an easy transition, from wagers they came to blows; — the bottles, chairs, and stools



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began to fly about the room ; — the table, in its fall, was accompanied by dishes, glasses, and plates, and mingled streams of wine and blood covered the floor. —

Kin Foe, now mounted on the ruins of what had been the furniture of the room, harangued the combatants. — The originality of his figure, in which the revelry of drunkenness contended with the gravity of the sage, at once drew their attention, and appeased their quarrels. — He raised a stammering voice, interrupted by perpetual hiccops :  
“ O Englishmen, (said he) what fury has  
“ seized you ? why do ye thirst after  
“ each other’s blood ? Fish, eat fish. —  
“ Shall the lords of the ocean treat each  
“ other like its inhabitants ? — It was

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“ in Africa that I learnt the infatuation  
“ of the English. — What a pity, said I,  
“ that the Englishmen should be so bad,  
“ when their horses are so good? ——  
“ Unhappy men! will they be ever stu-  
“ pid, as the beef they eat? I set out  
“ immediately to render ye all men of  
“ reason. —— I am arrived just at the  
“ critical minute; —— Truth inspires  
“ me; —— Listen!”

The audience would hear no more; — their frolic was over, — and as it was very late, they talked of going home-wards. —— They finished their evening by drinking each man a bumper of brandy, in which our poor philosopher was forced to accompany them. They then kindly conducted him, half dead, to the door of his lodgings, and left

him in the kennel to sleep himself sober.

It was just then that Delouaville came up, and tumbled over him ; and at this period the one raved as much from despair, as the other from being confoundedly drunk. —

“ What, what is become of my Cecilia ? ” asked the lover a hundred times over.

“ Wh wh why, (hiccup) she’s gone away with a m-m-man ; ” — said the Chinese with the greatest gaiety. —

“ With a man ! ” said the Frenchman.

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*Chin.* " Ay, ay, my boy, with a  
" man;—why (hiccup) you to-to-took  
" yourself a wife, and she has taken her-  
" self a husband; — th-th-that's all."  
(hiccup)

*Fren.* " With a man ! Cecilia ! what  
" could she mean ? where is she gone ?

*Chin.* " Why, child, (hiccup) love  
" has t-t-turned your head!" —

*Fren.* " And you are as drunk as the  
" devil. — How unlucky I am in  
" every thing ?"

*Chin.* " Unlucky ! (hiccup) I am the  
" luckiest fellow in the world : — this  
" is the b-brightest day in my life. —  
" I have (hiccup) I have ci-ci-civilized

“ the English. — I have hindered  
“ them from cutting one another’s  
“ throats.” (hiccop.) —

And in the main our philosopher was not much in the wrong in this article. — His grotesque exhortation, by stopping the squabble among his drunken companions, had probably been the means of saving some lives among them. — This was certainly the greatest instance of success during his mission to England. —

He still continued talking an infinity of nonsense, and Delouaville kept up the discourse, in hopes of some information ; — but it was all in vain. — At length the one held his peace, and the other went to sleep. —

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It was not, indeed, till after five hours snoring, which, to our poor lover, seemed as many ages, that the Mandarin awaked in a condition for answering questions. —— He now recollected with confusion the follies of the preceding evening, and made haste to tell Delouaville, that he had been a helpless witness of the carrying off of Cecilia. ——

The father of Fanny, with some of his associates, (in search of his daughter) had arrived at Delouaville's lodging, just after he was sent for to the justice. — He found only Cecilia, and, struck with her person, he had on the spot conceived and executed the design of taking her away with him, by the assistance of his companions; — nor could Kin Foe tell any farther what was become of her.

## C H A P. XII.

IT was to the house of Blickman, the father of Fanny, that the affrighted Cecilia had been carried. — The tender Englishman, to make her sensible of his passion, left no kind of outrage untried. — The love of a Briton has the same way of showing itself, as the hatred of other people. — He obliged her to drink, hoping to gain some advantage over her, but he could only make her sick. — Accustomed as she had been to the homage of the most polite people in the universe, could she do otherwise than abhor the tyranny of this savage?

In the mean time Fanny, (who secretly cursed that indifference of her spouse, which had taken so little pains to retain her, and who had recalled to her memory, with infinite jealousy, that odious rival who had ruined her wedding-evening's amusements) was now at the highest pitch of joy, in finding this very rival in the power of her father : she joined in all his schemes with transport, and did every thing in her power to revenge on the innocent Cecilia the misbehaviour of her husband. — She resolved, however, to make another attempt to move her obdurate spouse ; and as Blickman, to avoid the pursuit of Delouaville, had retired with his captive to a private part of the town, she kept no longer any measures, but wrote as follows :

“ I have loved you ; — I have sacrificed my family, my country, and every thing, to my love for you. —

“ In return for this, you had no sooner married me, than you made me the witness of your love for another woman. — Tremble, perfidious Frenchman ! my rival is in my power. —

“ You know not how far the vengeance of a Briton can proceed. — Love will soon be driven from my heart, and resentment take its place. —

“ Woman as I am, I find myself capable of any extremes : — appease my just anger, or dread the effects : — forget an abandoned wretch whom I abhor : — arm the laws against my parents, who have deprived you of your spouse, — and by your alacrity in recovering her, make her forgive

“ that indolence with which you gave  
“ her up. —— Remember above all  
“ things, that I am your wife, and that,  
“ should you forget it, my resentment  
“ shall stir up your memory.” ——

The reading of this letter was perpetually interrupted by the execrations of Delouaville against his fiend of a wife. — Cecilia in the power of a rival — a fury — nay, an Englishwoman! —

His answer was dictated by a mixture of love, hate, and disdain. — He reproached her, “ for her barbarous me-  
“ naces, and for her inhumanity in de-  
“ priving him of every thing he held  
“ dear. —— Cruel Fanny, said he, you  
“ bid me have recourse to the laws in  
“ your favour: Heavens! what laws

“ can I find among this savage race ?  
“ Were there any, my first step should  
“ be to direct their force against those  
“ who have robbed me of my Ceci-  
“ lia. —— Restore but her to my  
“ prayers, and my esteem, my friend-  
“ ship, shall ever be yours. —— But  
“ drive me not to despair : —— I may  
“ recover Cecilia. —— I shall love her  
“ as much, more in proportion as I shall  
“ detest you. —— Dare not to hope  
“ any advantage from those wretched  
“ engagements into which you surpri-  
“ sed me : —— I was Cecilia’s, before  
“ you even thought me yours. —— It  
“ is now in your power to deserve my  
“ detestation or my eternal gratitude ;  
“ but beware of appearing before me  
“ without Cecilia.” ——

The reading of this letter gave the finishing stroke to Fanny's phrenzy.— Armed with a dagger she flew to Cecilia; she would have directly began her horrid vengeance, but, on seeing the melancholy state of a rival delivered up to tears, groans and despair, a refinement of cruelty stopped the hand of this worthy Briton: she apprehended that in the present state of Cecilia, death would be a favour.— She left her to the enjoyment of her grief, and rushed to Delouaville's lodgings.— He trembled at seeing her arrive alone. They had now learnt a little of each other's language, and found means to make the most cutting reproaches, the most abusive expressions, perfectly intelligible to each other.— By turns they flattered, and by turns they threat-

ened each other. —— At length Fanny, finding her caresses repulsed with disdain, and losing all hopes of a reconciliation with her spouse, in a transport of rage she drew her poignard, and plunged it in our unhappy hero. —— He fell, bathed in blood, — and Fanny, whose flight was precipitated by fear, remorse, and despair, was in an instant at her father's house. ——

She threw herself at his feet; ——  
“ I have this instant (said she) mur-  
“ dered the husband of my choice; —  
“ I am in despair, — I can endure  
“ life no longer; —— Give me, O my  
“ father, give me an end to my  
“ misery.” ——

The father stood for some time fixed in a gloomy silence; — he embraced his daughter with a sullen composure, turned from her, and in his closet he gave himself up to these reflections: —

“ My wretched conduct has ruined  
“ my family. —— My wife and chil-  
“ dren, reduced by my prodigality to  
“ the utmost distress, curse me. ——  
“ My daughter, rejected by a French-  
“ man, has cut his throat; and must  
“ suffer for it. —— For myself,  
“ (whose negligence has caused these  
“ evils) I expect every instant to be  
“ dragged to prison for my debts; —  
“ and, to crown my wretchedness, love  
“ must interfere. —— I love to distrac-  
“ tion, and am looked upon with hor-  
“ or. —— Our English remedy for all

“ misfortunes is death,— and death I  
“ will have recourse to. — But what  
“ will become of my family? — They  
“ shall die with me. — I cannot make  
“ life agreeable to them; I ought then,  
“ as a good parent, to deliver them  
“ from it.” —

Having settled this point, he made his wife and children, (not omitting Cecilia) follow him into a deep, spacious vault, lighted only by the glimmering of a sepulchral lamp.

## C H A P. XIII.

IT was beneath the lamp which hung from the middle of the cellar's roof, that Blickman, with a poignard drawn in his hand, stopped short. — His mournful family no longer doubted the purpose of their visiting this gloomy cave. — Cecilia, scarcely alive thro' fear, fell at the savage's feet; the rest of the family, as if they had waited for that signal, formed a kneeling circle around him; — while he, untouched by their distress, by his haggard looks, confirmed the worst of their apprehensions. — When this dreadful silence, interrupted by nothing but the sobs of Cecilia, had lasted a few mi-

nutes, this tender parent, with a voice rendered more horrid by the echoes of the vault, spoke as follows : —

“ It is now, my children, forty years  
“ that I have been teized with the re-  
“ peated view of the same sun ; I am  
“ sick of his beams. — The more I  
“ see of life, the more I detest it. —  
“ The one half of it is spent in sleep;  
“ the other in trouble. — Besides the  
“ plagues which one’s own wants occa-  
“ sion, there are children to educate,  
“ — wives to contend with, — debts to  
“ be paid ; — then one must be tyrra-  
“ nized over by laws, — by fashions, —  
“ by fortune, — and by appetites. —  
“ I am disgusted with such an existence;  
“ nor ought any of you to be more  
“ attached to it than myself. — What

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“ indeed should make you fond of it?  
“ Do ye want to follow my example?  
“ — to place your affections where you  
“ ought to point your most inveterate  
“ hatred? — No, no; let us prevent  
“ such calamities; — let us imitate  
“ those glorious ancestors, whose ex-  
“ amples have shewn us that contempt  
“ which a true Englishman should en-  
“ tertain for life. — Your great grand-  
“ father, tired of these absurdities, had  
“ recourse to poison, to release him  
“ from them; and you may still cast  
“ your eyes up to that glorious halter,  
“ which delivered your worthy grand-  
“ mother from the plagues of morta-  
“ lity. — 'Twas this vault they chose  
“ to honour with their deaths; — and  
“ shall not we have the spirit to follow  
“ such gallant leaders? Let us at once

“ baffle the hopes of creditors and physicians, — let us leave the world to its misery, while we remain for ever in repose. —

“ But thou, worst of enemies, (said our Englishman to Cecilia) flatter not thyself with the hopes of exulting over our remains ; thou shalt lead the way in death.” —

At these dreadful words the terrified Cecilia made the vault echo to her cries ; — she bathed the feet of the inexorable savage with tears ; — she turned her dying eyes on each of the companions of her approaching fate, and implor'd their assistance against their common executioner. — The whole family, however, worthy of their chief,

ridiculed the distress of our unfortunate heroine. — The desire of annihilation had possessed their savage minds. — They demanded death with uncommon vehemence ; — while Cecilia, frozen with horror, scarce felt the stroke of Blickman's poignard. — The whole assembly rejoiced at this opening of the scene, and each disputed the honour of following the common enemy. — The hardened savage now produced an old razor, stained with the blood of his ancestors ; with this he released from the cares of life, his wife and his children. — There now only remained Fanny ; — Blickman tenderly embraced her. —

“ You, said he, are worthy your fa-  
“ ther ; — you have stabbed that dog  
“ of a Frenchman, that had found  
“ means to gain your affections ; — you

“ shall now receive the last, the greatest proof of my paternal love.” —

“ Strike, my father, (said the resolute daughter) strike, and let me fall on the body of my rival; — let me only form this wish, that my perjured spouse may survive his wound, to learn how to dread the resentment of an Englishwoman, — and that he may die in the agonies of despair, for the loss of his mistress, while we are involved in peace and oblivion.” — Here her father put an end to her discourse, by bestowing on her that death which she had so eagerly desired. —

The truly English parent contemplated with pleasure the slaughtered car-

caffes around him. —— Warmed by the carnage, he seemed to wish for more victims. —— Ah, said he, Why are not these all French? —— Why do I not see the perfidious spouse of my daughter extended at my feet? —— But, —— my wife, —— my children. ——

It was now that his fury abated. —— Remorse succeeded to his rage. —— The voice of Nature for the first time struck his heart. —— To deliver himself from reflection, he hastened to share the fate of his family; — he stabb'd himself, he fell furious on the bodies of those he had butchered, and expired in the arms of horror. —— The lamp burnt out, and darkness jointly with death heightened the execrable scene.

## C H A P. XIV.

WHILE death and horror revelled in Blickman's vault, our hero, desperately wounded by the hand of Fanny, languished in his bed. — He was no more the gay, spirited Frenchman; — his sprightliness was lost; — a wound which had brought him within a finger's breadth of the grave; — a purse compleatly empty, at a time when there was more need than ever of its being full; — a mistress lost; — in short, an uninterrupted series of misfortunes had damped every sentiment of vivacity; — he had no longer, either, the good Chinese to comfort him. — He had been hurried away to prison before the eyes

of Delouaville, even while he was consoling him, and endeavouring to stop the blood which gushed from his wound. — His love of making converts had been the occasion of his distress. — He had been taken notice of by those informers with whom London abounds. — Some of the most dexterous among them had contrived to hide the habit of a Catholic priest in his trunk. — They had seized him, and had sworn so point-blank to his being a missionary sent over to make proselytes, that he was condemned to be hanged, in spite of all he could say in his justification. —

The distress which our hero suffered at losing so dear a friend, without knowing why he was dragged away, or being able to defend him, had given the

finishing stroke to his despair. — The foggy air of London, which inspires its inhabitants with the desire of getting rid of life, began to affect his spirits. — He sighed perpetually, and said to himself, “ I had a good sum of money, — I have not a penny left ; — I had a good state of health, — I am in the very jaws of death ; — I had a mis-  
“ tress, — the infamous Fanny has per-  
“ haps knocked her on the head ; —  
“ I had a friend, — but he’s hanged, I suppose, by this time : — I have then nothing left me in this world. —  
“ Oh ! the devil ! yes, I have a fiend ! a monster ! a wife ! — What a wretch am I ? ”

These reflections brought to his mind all the calamities which had attended

him ever since his arrival in England.— He lamented bitterly that he had been recalled to life again ; — the idea of Great Britain presented to his imagination only a horrid series of daggers, — gibbets, — prisons — and every odious object ; — the very recollection of them was too much for his languid spirits ; — he had sunk under this oppression, had he not been rouzed by the sudden appearance of his mistress's body, brought into the room, pale and covered with blood. — She alone had survived the dreadful scene in Blickman's vault ; — her first wound had been slight, and a long fainting fit had preserved her from the barbarity of her enemy. — After some hours repose, she came to herself, and, remembering the scene which had been begun with her wound, she

screamed out and alarmed a legion of creditors, who had seized the house and goods of Blickman, and were searching for him ; these people, dreading the expence of her burial, made haste to convey her home according to her direction. — A sigh from her penetrated the very soul of Delouaville ; he endeavoured in vain to throw himself into her arms, his wound opened by the exertion, and her anxiety at seeing his distress had the same effect on hers. — They fainted from the loss of blood, and recovered only to feel their misfortunes with double force. — A fever now seized them, and deprived them of their senses ; — a good Catholic priest visited them continually, and assisted them with his advice and his purse, for their money (as well as their lives) was

at its last ebb. —— This worthy friend took every opportunity in their intervals of reason to receive their confession. —

As to Delouaville, what he had chiefly to acknowledge, was the injustice he had been guilty of in preferring the most savage of all nations to the most civilized of people; — and this was a crime which he had heartily repented of already. —

But Cecilia's fever scarce gave her any respite; and threw all her ideas into confusion. —— She confessed with contrition her love for Delouaville, and at the same instant vowed that it would last to the grave, — and that she repented of nothing so much, as the having ever endeavoured to suppress it. —— The

good Ecclesiastic wept over them ; their distemper increased every hour, and their distresses excited the compassion of every foreigner whose business drew him that way ; while the easy English landlord looked on with indifference, and filled their room with the smoak of his pipe. —

Our unhappy lovers were now at the very point of death ; — but while the worthy priest was preparing to perform the last offices to them, a legion of constables and mob, bursting into the room, tore him from his dying friends, and, loading him with blows and abuses, hurried him away to Newgate.

## C H A P. XV.

OUR wretched pair, having lost their only friend, wished but for Death: — Death, however, seldom visits those who invoke him, and the youth and good constitution of our lovers, by very slow degrees, restored them to a tolerable state of health. — As soon as they were able to bear the exercise, they wandered perpetually about the streets of London, in hopes to gain, by some lucky accident, intelligence of the Chinese and the priest. — They knew indeed that they had been carried to prison, but they had no idea that such worthy beings could remain four and twenty hours without being set

at liberty. —— They were ignorant that the priest had been accused and convicted of having performed the duties of his profession to two unfortunate strangers; an unpardonable crime in the eyes of an English tribunal! —— One morning they found themselves near Tyburn, and seeing a great mob assembled to view two executions, they turned that way, in hopes of finding, among the crowd, what they wished for. —— But what was their horror when, in the features of the two sufferers, they could not help recognizing their two dearest friends? — What a shock to minds of sensibility! Our hero, as he was unable to relieve them, endeavoured with Cecilia, to avoid being a witness of their fate, but in vain, as the crowd was too thick about them. —— In spite of all

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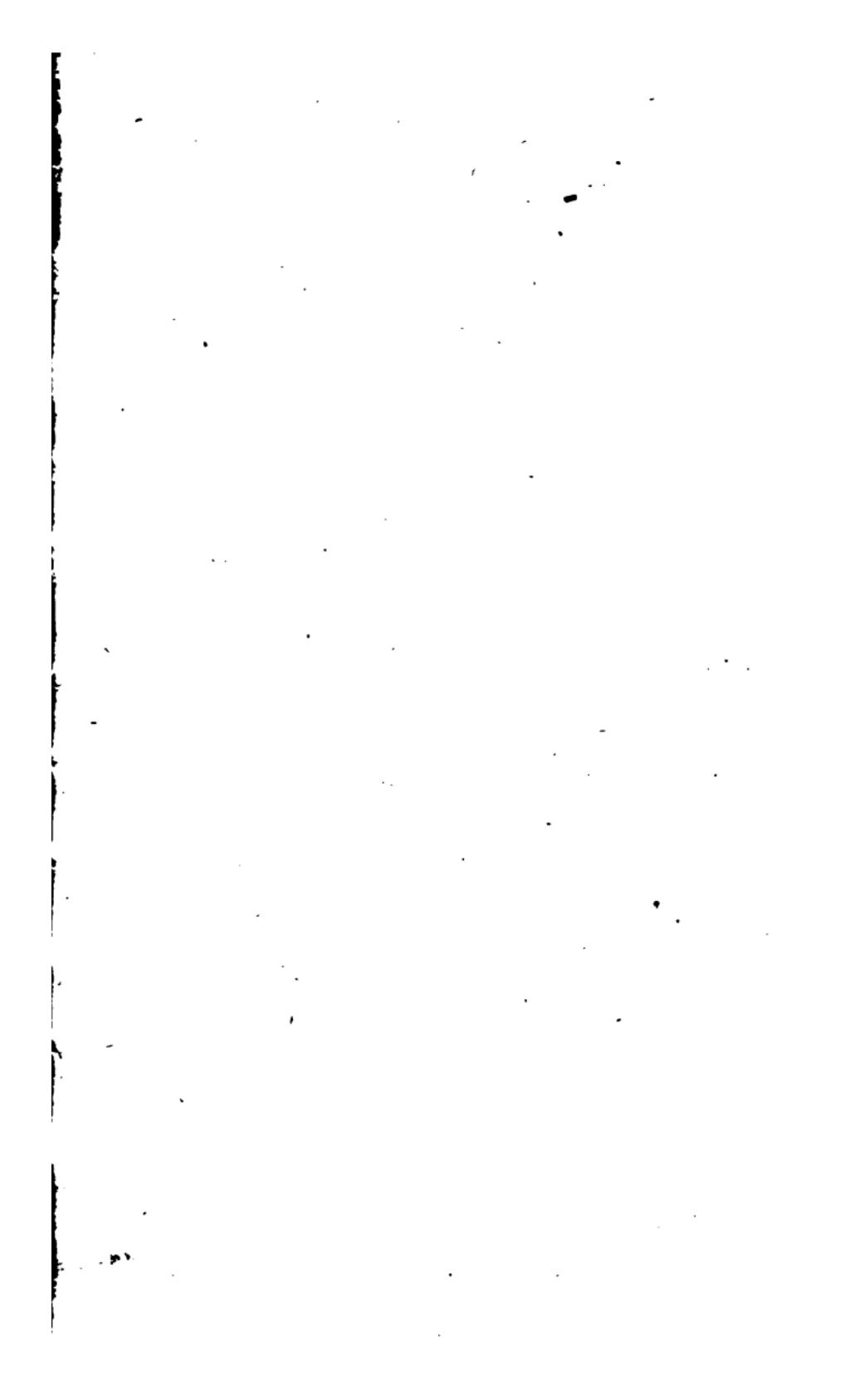
endeavours they were forced to be spectators of the death of that good priest, who, but a very little while before, expected to have performed the last offices to them.—He gave his blessing to the mob, to their infinite diversion ; — and he endeavoured to persuade the Chinese to die in the Christian faith.—Kin Foe replied, that he would die a philosopher, and a dispute began between them on religion, in which our Mandarin's objections to revelation breathed such a spirit of infidelity and prophaneness, that they interested the populace in his favour.—The Ecclesiastic was now turned off, but the Mandarin, taking advantage of the English custom, made an harangue to the people.—The good philosopher would have quitted life without regret, could he but hope to

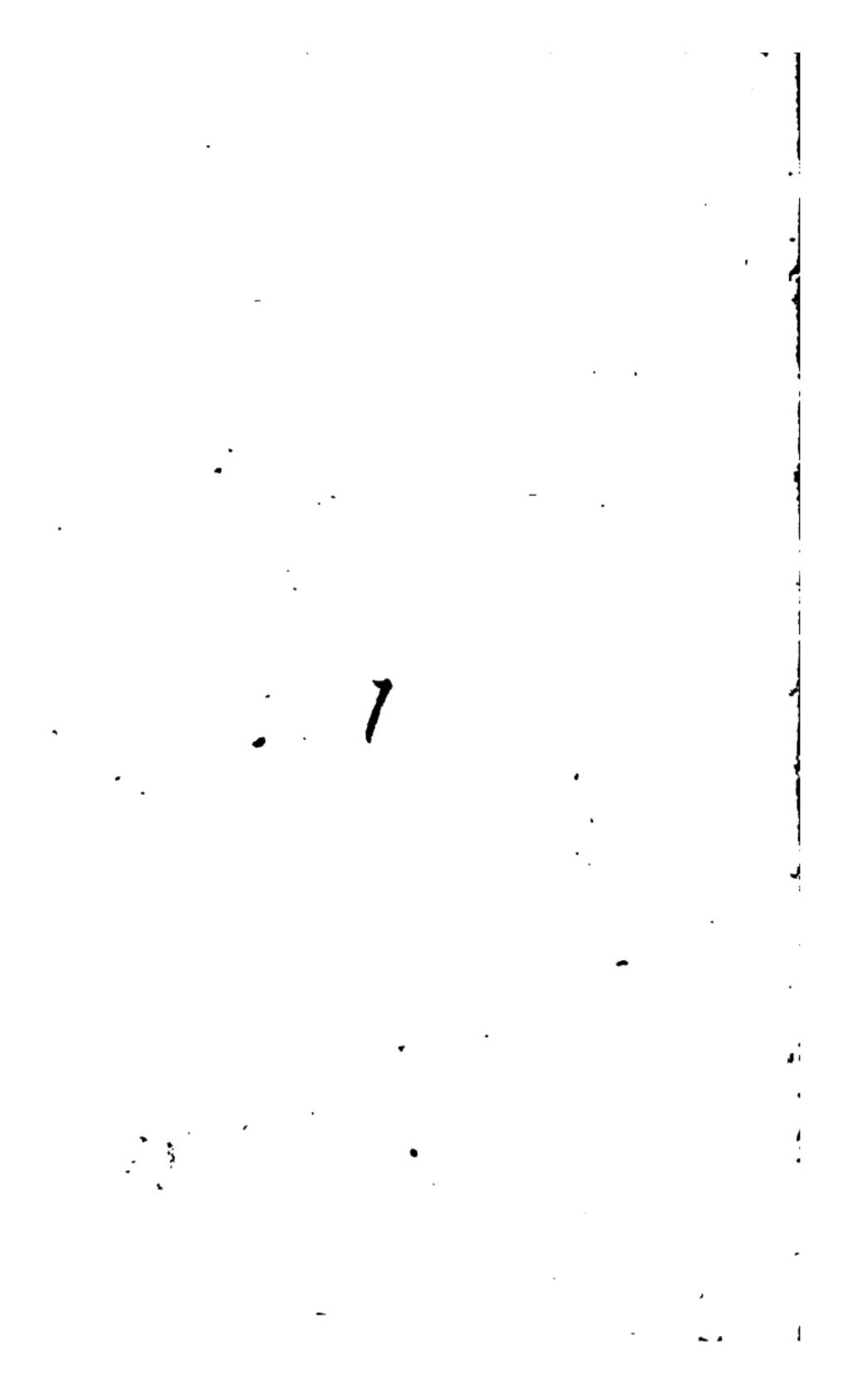
communicate, even at the last gasp, some spark of humanity to the surrounding Barbarians. — He now with great composure spoke in favour of the light of Nature, and ridiculed the different religions which prevailed in the world. — A murmur now began, “ that this malefactor must be an honest English Protestant, and no Catholic priest, since he made so light of Revelation.” — The mob arose; — in the instant the hangman was knocked on the head, the ordinary overturned in the dirt, — the gallows cut to pieces, and the Mandarin set at liberty. — For once in their lives our savages took the part of a worthy man in distress, but from a motive exactly united to their turn of mind. — Our lovers lamented their dead friend, but made haste to

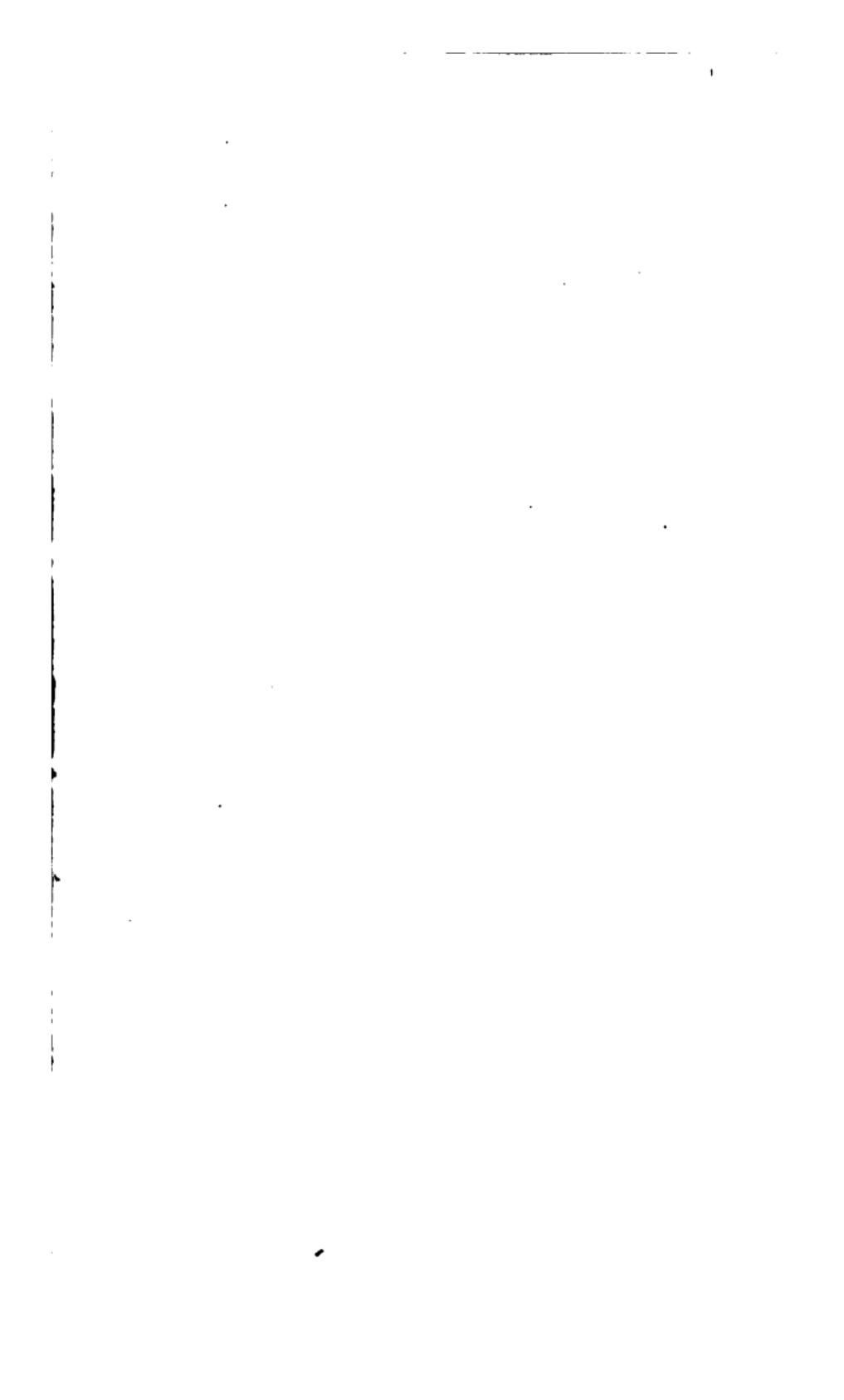
344 THE SAVAGES, &c.

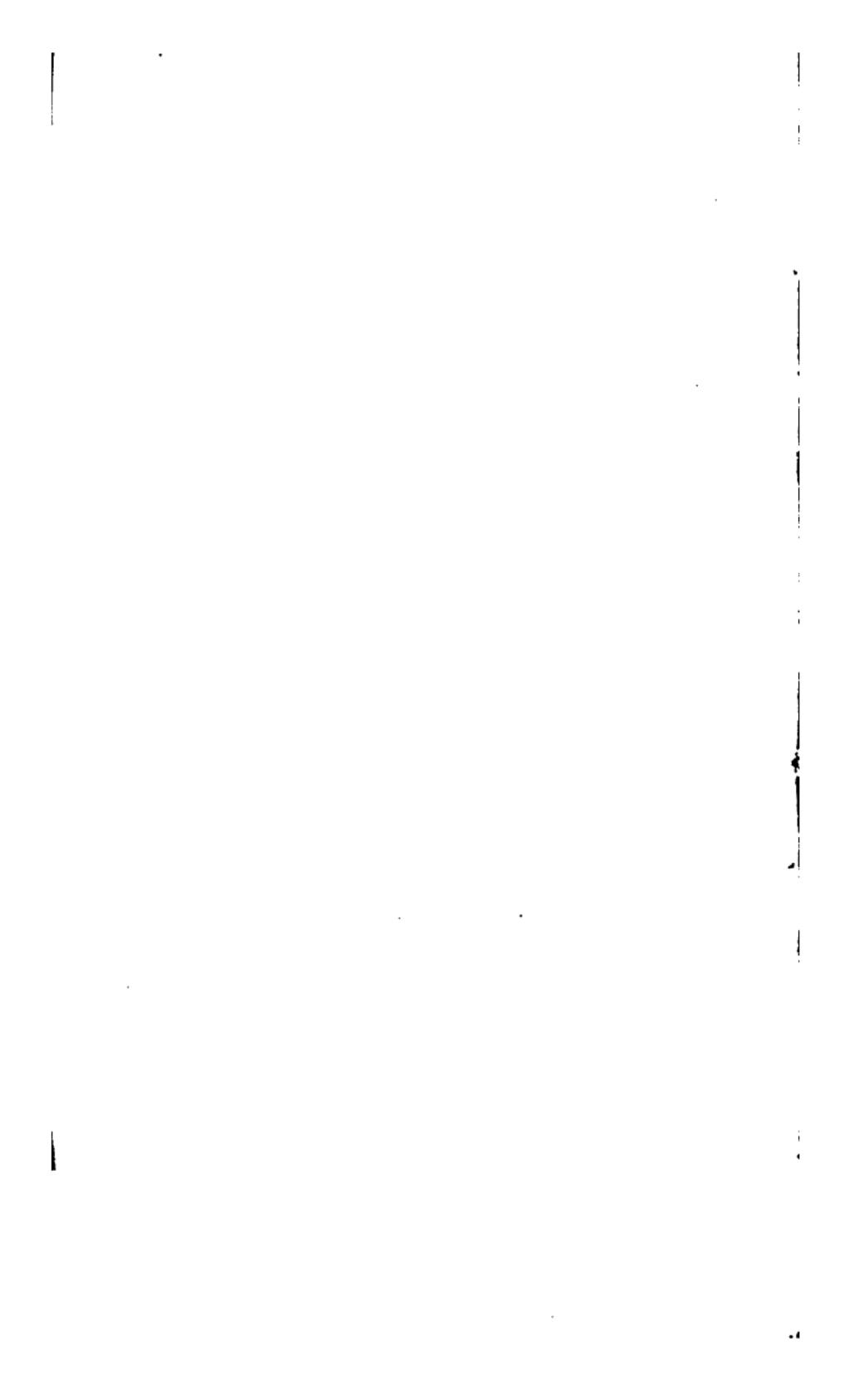
secure the living one.—They embraced him with tears in their eyes, hurried home, and set off for France with the greatest expedition, — with firm, but unnecessary protestations, of never revisiting the abominable asylum of The Savages of Europe.

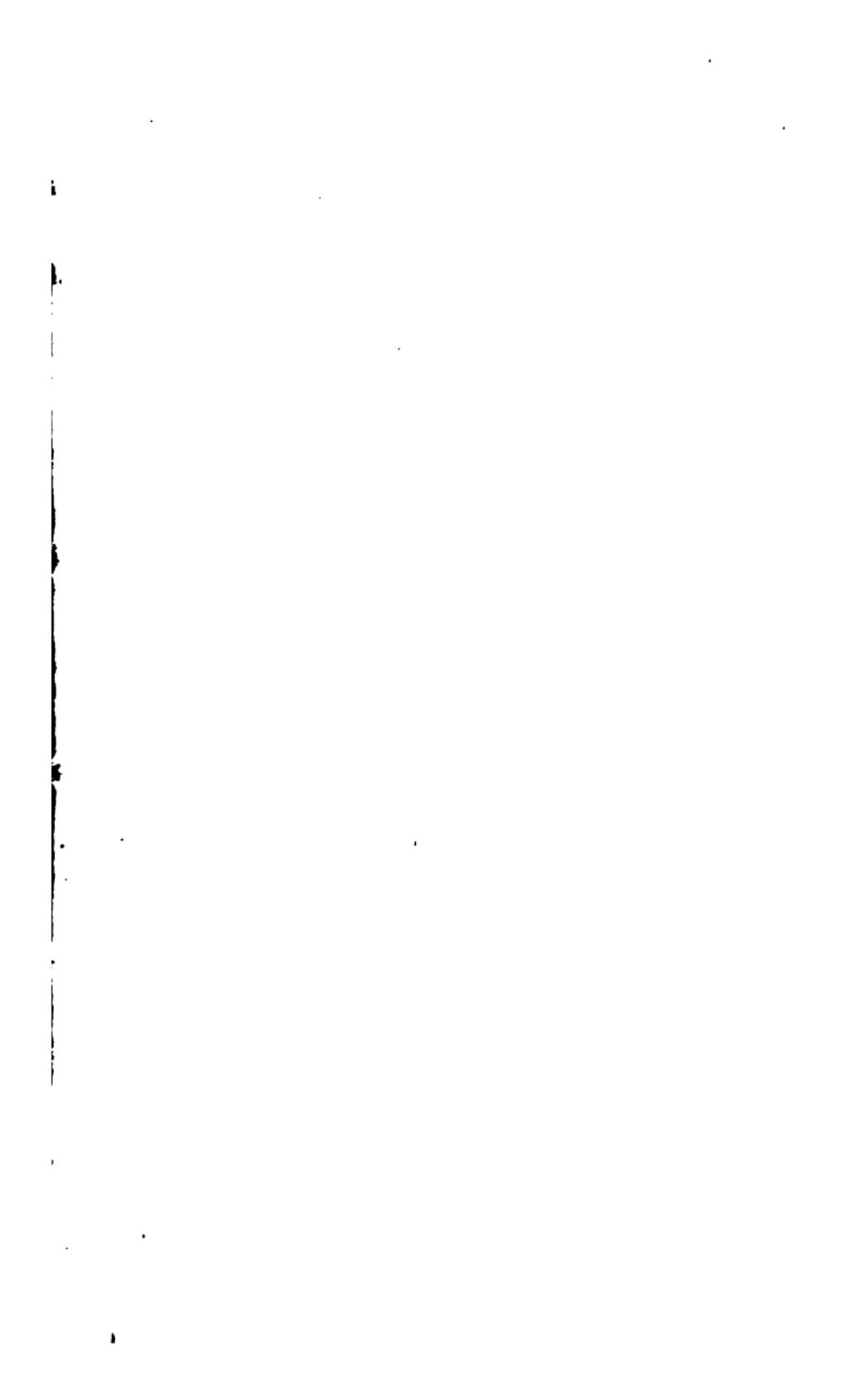
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